PLANET
COMICS
No.41
MAR.
10¢
Mysta OF THE moon in the
Medusa-Men from MARS
LOST WORLD-STAR
PIRATE-DALE ALLEN and

CREATURES of the MIND WORLD

by

Reynold Morgan

WHAT was it? This weakness in his limbs? This sickness in his mind?

He was struggling against something, fighting with all his will, and yet he had no idea of what it was. He tried to rise from his chair, but found he lacked the strength. His legs refused to obey. He could not lift his arms.

He had been painting when the struggle, unsuddy weariness overcame him. He had been painting the finishing touches on a picture ordered by an editor a week before. The illustration was due in today. But it would never be completed, he knew. His fingers were numb, would not hold a brush. His brain would not clear. His eyes were not sharp.

The telephone in the next room jangled. The sound reaped on his nerves. He tried to struggle from the chair. He had to. Helplessly. That was the editor, he knew. Calling to inquire about the picture. Oh, Lord, give me strength! The telephone rang on and on. Finally stopped.

A fog seemed to be creeping into his mind. A darkness. A shadowy pain. A Cimmerian numbness. He was losing his sanity.

Helen would be in at three o'clock. She would. Coming in to give him her. She would find him like this. She would help him.

Three o'clock. She would be here at three. He tried to lift his arm, to see his watch. No strength. He subsided in despair. "Please, please . . . Let it be close to three. Send some one to help me."

"What?" Something was in his mind. Trying to speak to him. "What? What do you want? Leave me alone."

There was something in his mind. Trying to get to him. Trying to speak. "Get away? Get away? Leave me alone!"

The numbness was leaving his body, being replaced by a giddy lightness. Think bravely! It was leaving.

He felt himself rising. Not of his own accord. As though something were lifting him. He felt a desire to do and made it obey.

He stood out of the chair now, on his way across the room. He tried to stop himself, but the power in his body would not be stopped. His hand turned the knob of the front door. It pulled it open, started out. He walked downstairs toward the street.

Fingers of fear clutched at his heart. It was still inside of him, commanding his movements. Directing. Ordering.

What was it taking him? What was happening to him?

He was almost to the corner now. There was an electrical store there. His body turned. Entered.

The clerk came forward to wait on him. He tried to speak, but his tongue would not obey. His hands moved to the counter, picked up tape and screws and nuts and a hundred small items he had no use for, jammed them into his pockets. His body turned, started out of the store.

The clerk ran forward, clutched his arm, protesting in a loud voice. His body shook free, whipped around into swinging width. The clerk screamed, fell back under the sudden assault, toppled over, striking his head on the corner of the counter. His body turned again and ran out of the store, leaving behind the still form.

In a few moments he was back in his room, painting with exertion and fear. The power in his body seemed to be laughing at him. It was laughing! He was trying to stop, aroused, to run away from that laugh. It was gloating.

"You fool," a voice within him seemed to say. "Why do you struggle? It will do you no good."

"Who are you?" he shouted. "Who don't you leave me alone?"

The laughter grew within him. "You will grow used to me!" the mocking voice said. "We will live together for a long time, you and I. You will help me, and help you. Your race and mine, together from this time on." The laughter was a screaming now, a screaming that played on his taut nerves and filled him with pain.

"What are you?" he managed to say.

His body was moving again, his hands emptying the contents of his pockets into the drawer of his desk.

"You may call me Cupen," the soundless voice was saying in a preoccupied manner. "I am a Dimension from a world far beyond the sun

FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINES

NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 42, MAY) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND MARCH 10th

The LOST WORLD

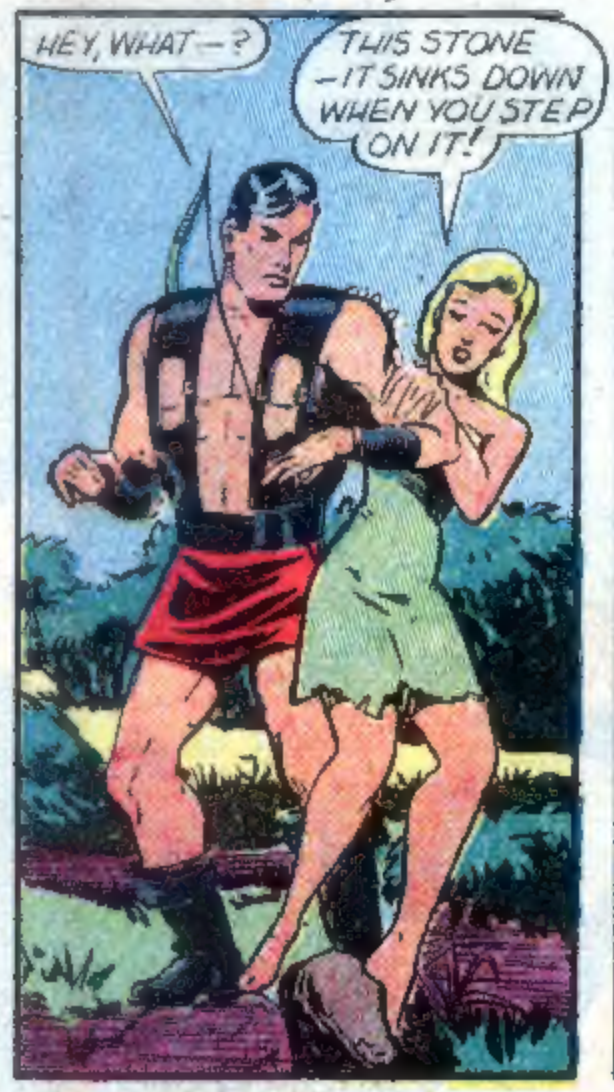
By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK

There IT STOOD, GRIM AND BROODING SYMBOL OF THE RUTHLESS MASTERY A SCOURGING HORDE HAD BROUGHT TO A DEAD WORLD— AND TO PROTECT THAT WORLD TWO PRIMITIVE EARTHLINGS HAD NO RECOURSE SAVE TO THE HORRORS OF ITS ANCIENT PAST!

L. Renée

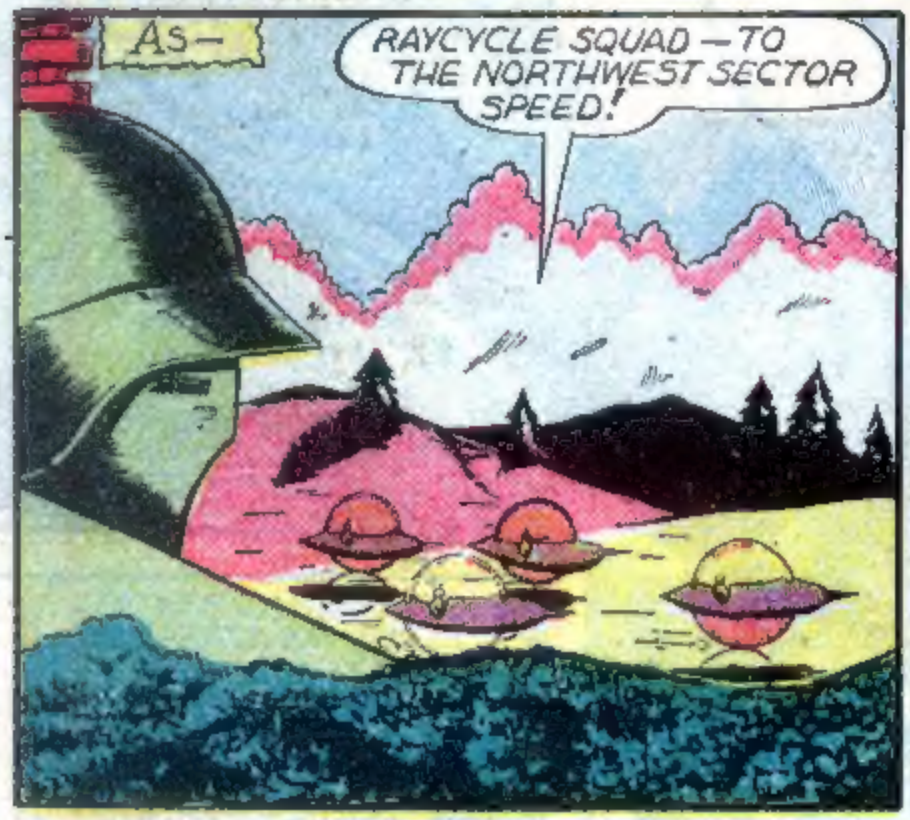
A VOLTA POWER STATION.. IT SENDS ITS STRENGTH TO VOLTA PLANTS ALL OVER OUR WORLD!

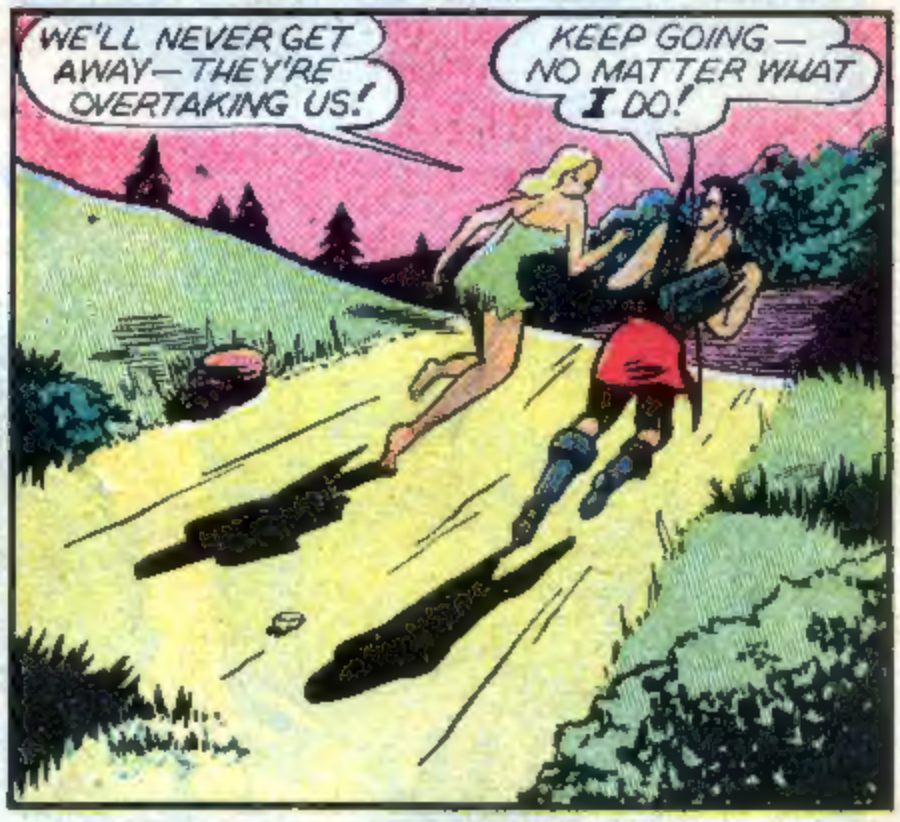
OH, HUNT—IF WE COULD ONLY DESTROY IT!


HEY, WHAT—?
THIS STONE—IT SINKS DOWN WHEN YOU STEP ON IT!

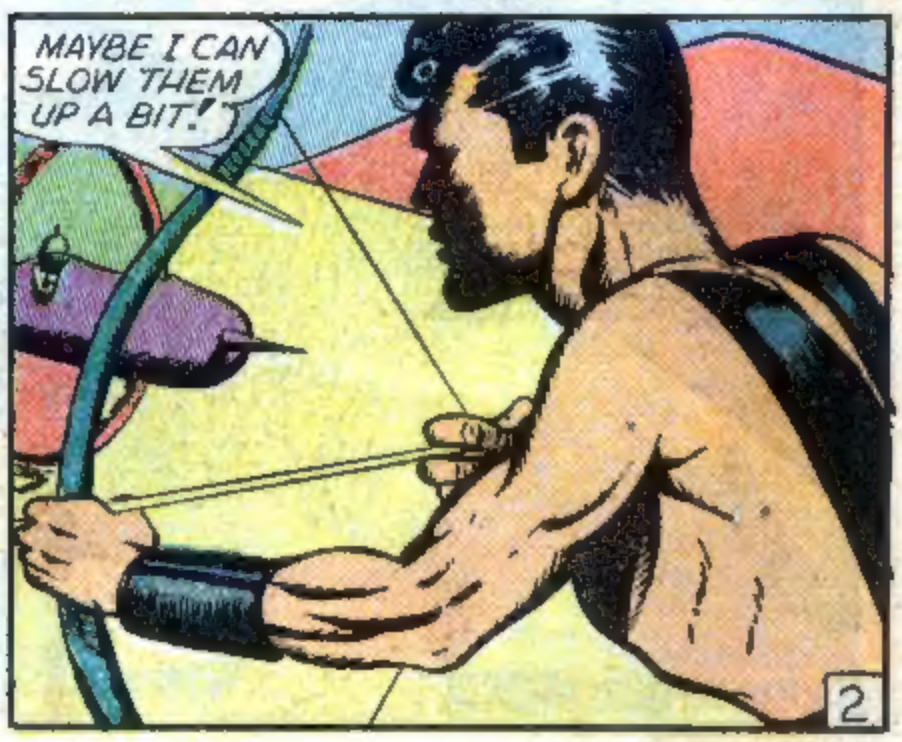
THAT ISN'T ALL IT DOES! I DON'T LIKE THIS!
HUNT, DO YOU SUPPOSE IT COULD BE AN ALARM?

I'LL BET THAT'S WHAT IT IS! RUN!


As—
RAYCYCLE SQUAD—TO THE NORTHWEST SECTOR SPEED!


WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY—THEY'RE OVERTAKING US!
KEEP GOING—NO MATTER WHAT I DO!

THERE ARE THEY—TURN!


MAYBE I CAN SLOW THEM UP A BIT!

GOT ONE! NOW TO CATCH UP TO LYSSA!

BUT—
HOLD IT! WE'RE CUT OFF!

WE'RE NOT CAUGHT YET!

IT ISN'T LONG, HOWEVER, BEFORE—
CHIN UP LYSSA— AT LEAST WE'LL SEE THE INSIDE OF THAT PLACE.

SUDDENLY A TREMENDOUS CRASHING OF TREES—

AND—
A PRE-HISTORIC DIPLODOCUS!
A WHAT?

NEVER MIND— LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
3

AAARGH!

RUN!

HELP!

SCATTER!

THIS WAY, LYSSA!

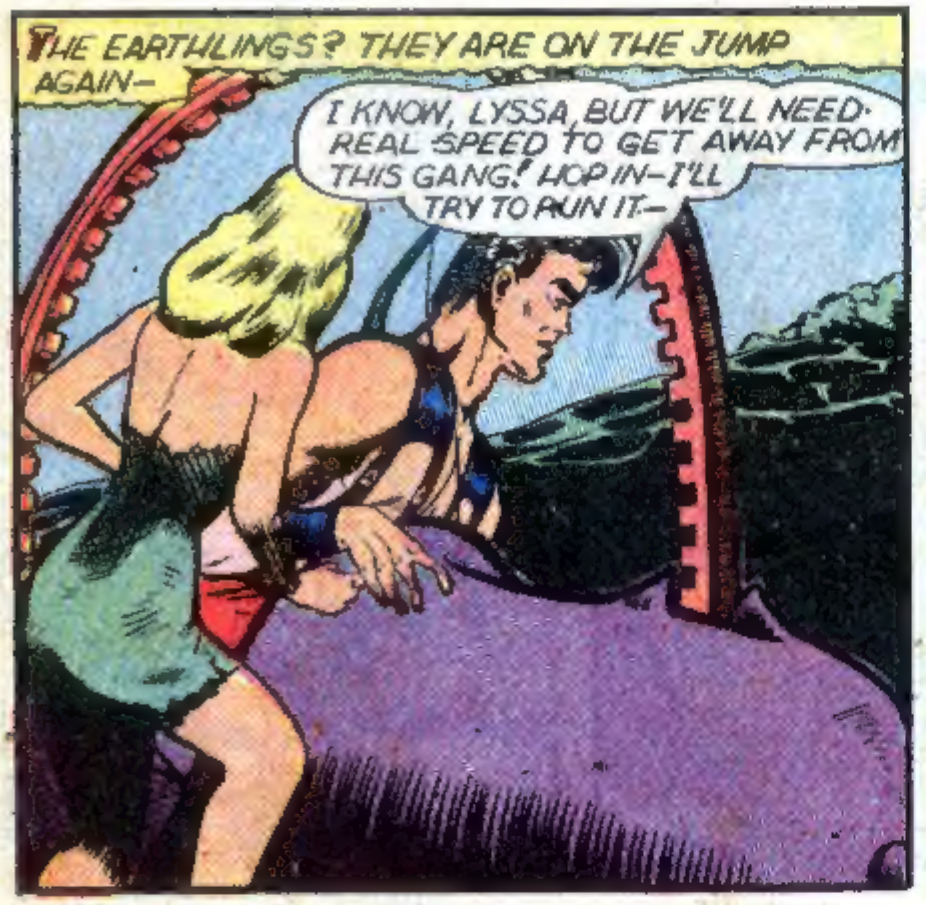
OH, HUNT, THAT DREADFUL THING—!

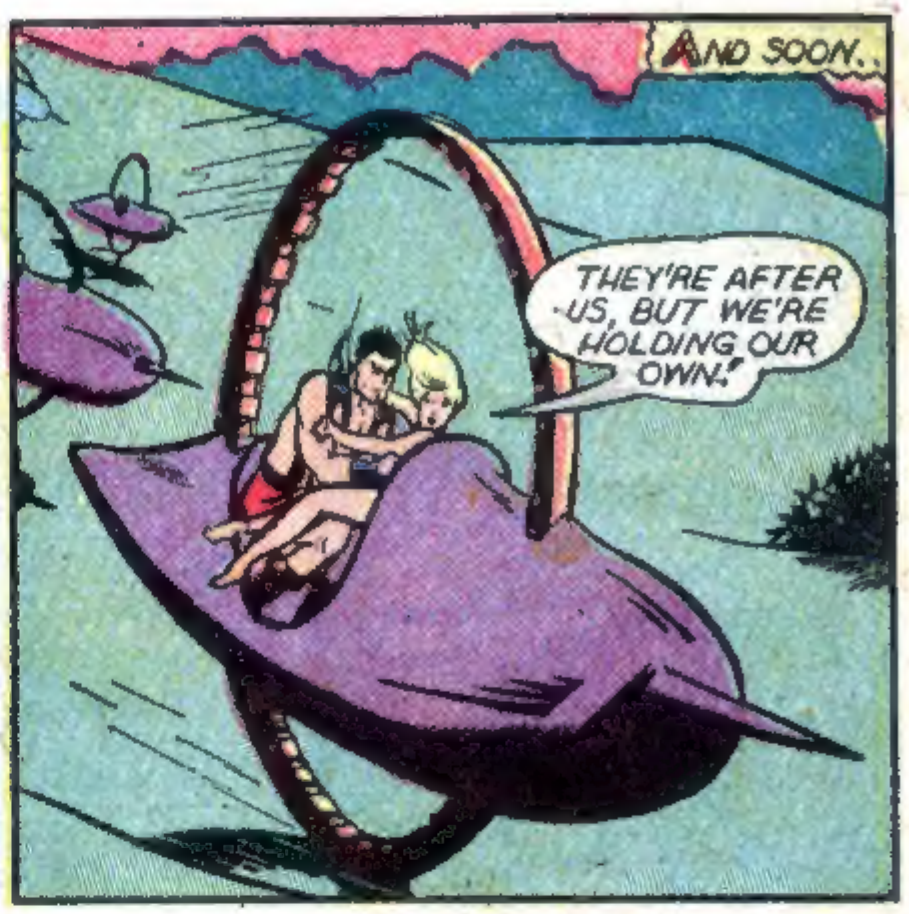
NOT DREADFUL ENOUGH! THE VOLTA MEN ARE GETTING ORGANIZED!

TOGETHER NOW ALL!

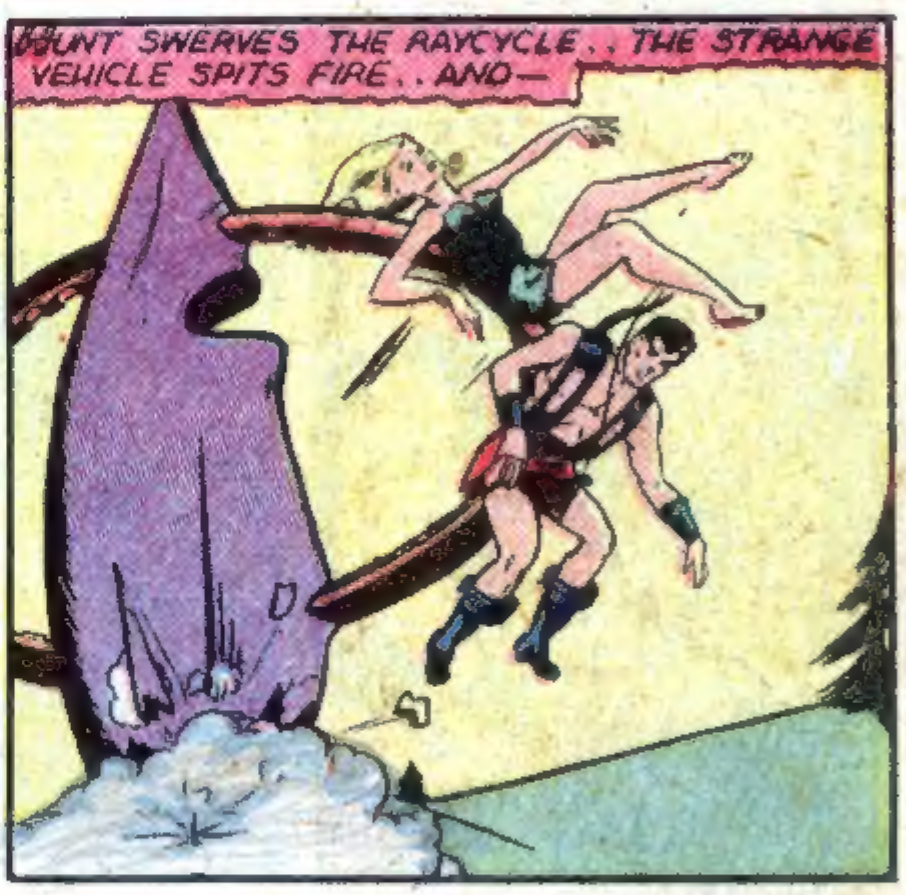
ARGH! A MIGHTY BEAST AT WHICH WE ALL TOGETHER FIRE MUST!

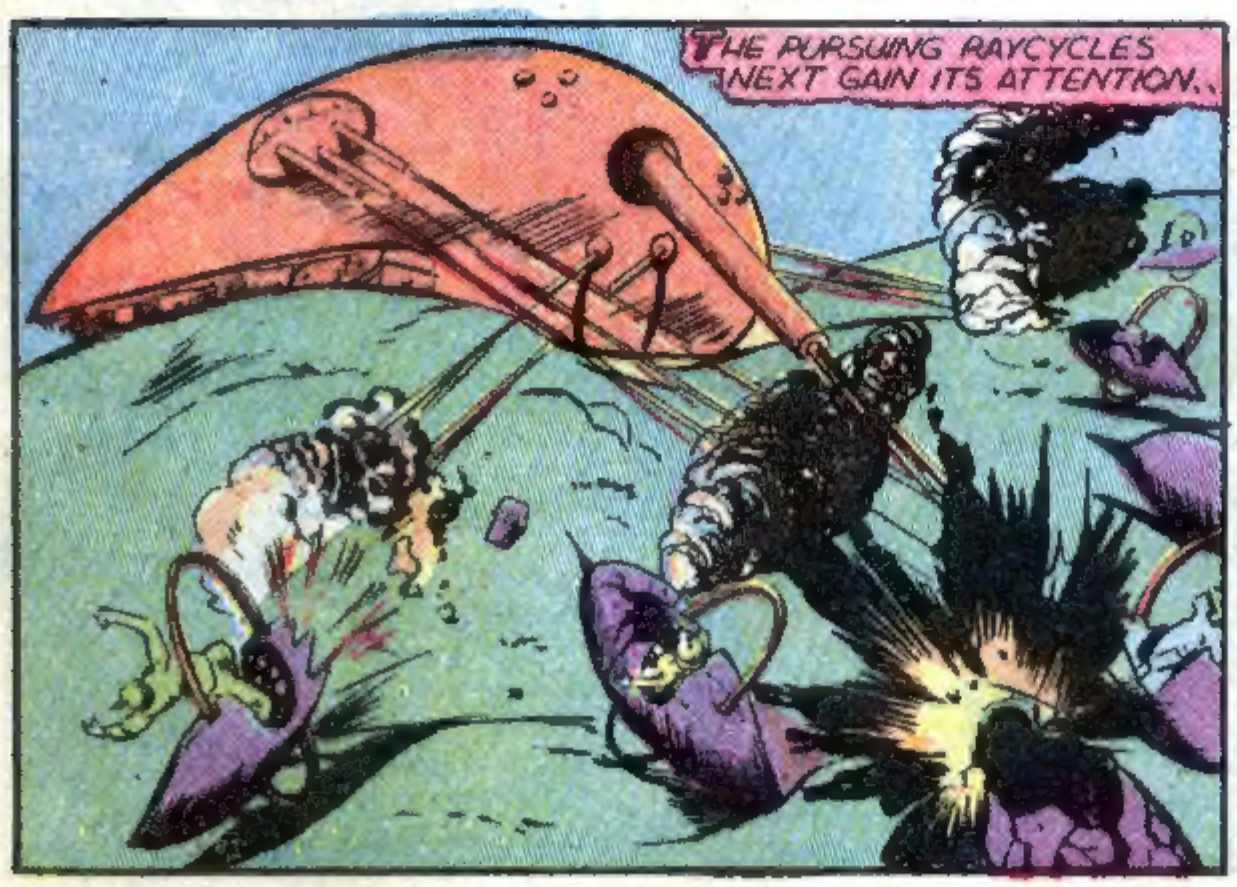
AT LAST DEAD IT! WHERE EARTHLING CAPTIVES ARE?


THE EARTHLINGS? THEY ARE ON THE JUMP AGAIN—
I KNOW, LYSSA, BUT WE'LL NEED REAL SPEED TO GET AWAY FROM THIS GANG! HOP IN—I'LL TRY TO RUN IT—


AND SOON..
THEY'RE AFTER US, BUT WE'RE HOLDING OUR OWN!

BUT SUDDENLY—
WHAT'S THAT?
BETTER DUCK AWAY FROM IT—SOME NEW VOLTA THING—


HUNT SWERVES THE RAYCYCLE.. THE STRANGE VEHICLE SPITS FIRE.. AND—


THE PURSUING RAYCYCLES NEXT GAIN ITS ATTENTION..

HUNT, THAT THING IS NOT OF VOLTA! LOOK WHAT IT'S DOING TO THEM—LOOK!
THEY WERE ONLY SURPRISED—WAIT AND SEE!
5

ARGH, SILENCE WE IT!

CAUTIOUS BE! IS OF EARTH? OR OTHER PLANET?

AND THEN—

I RECOGNIZE IT NOW, HUNT! THAT'S A WEAPON OF THE LAST EARTH WARS..COME, IT HAS FINISHED OFF THE LAST OF THE VOLTA MEN.

SOON..

GREETINGS, CHILDREN! SORRY I SHOT AT YOU BEFORE I SAW WHO YOU WERE..I'M SCHULTZ, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE LAKE INSTITUTE..I'M LOOKING FOR ONE OF MY LITTLE PETS—IT GOT AWAY FROM ME—

OH, YOU MEAN THAT DIPLODOCUS! THE VOLTA MEN KILLED IT- NEAR THEIR POWER STATION.

POWER STATION?

YES! A BIG ONE.. WE WISH WE COULD DESTROY IT.

WHAT'S THAT THING YOU'RE CARRYING?

MY OWN INVENTION, A CHRONOSCOPE.. IT BRINGS THINGS FROM THE PAST, LIKE THE DIPLO-DOCUS- AND THIS SUPERTANK..BUT I THINK WE CAN DESTROY THIS POWER STATION.. LISTEN—

DR. SCHULTZ'S PLAN IS VERY SIMPLE!

BUT—

IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET THIS INSIDE.. NOW— HIDE, YOU TWO!

AND THE LITTLE SCIENTIST BEGINS WALKING TOWARD THE POWER STATION—ALONE!

STEP BY STEP, STEADILY ONWARD — AND THEN SUDDENLY—

AH, A STONE SINKS, AS THEY SAID! AND THE SMOKE COLUMNS LEAP UP—

HE DID IT! HE GOT HIMSELF CAUGHT!

SH-H-H!

ARGH—WHAT THING THIS IS?

ER-I'D RATHER NOT SAY.. IT'S REALLY NOTH—

FOOL! YOU TO ARGUE NOT!

IT MUST VALUABLE BE.. TO COMMANDER TAKE!

OH, HUNT, I—I'M AFRAID FOR HIM!

SOON—

ONE CHANCE MORE TO SAY THIS WHAT IS!

FROM THE PAST? CANNOT BE! INSTANT PROOF WE DEMAND!

WHERE IS THE SWITCH PANEL? OH, I SEE IT!

VERY WELL, MY CHRONOSCOPE CAN TRANSPORT ACTUAL PHYSICAL THINGS FROM THE PAST, SUCH AS—

JUST A SECOND AND I'LL—

—HAVE IT GOING!

ARGH! THESE MONSTERS REAL!

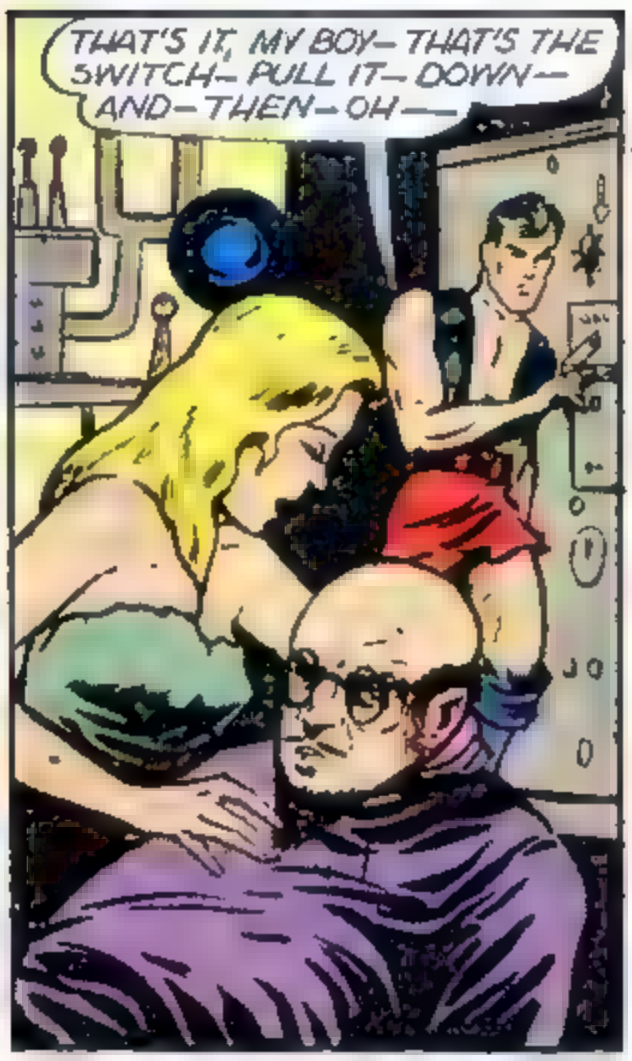
IF I CAN GET TO THAT SWITCH—SAVE THE BOY TROUBLE!

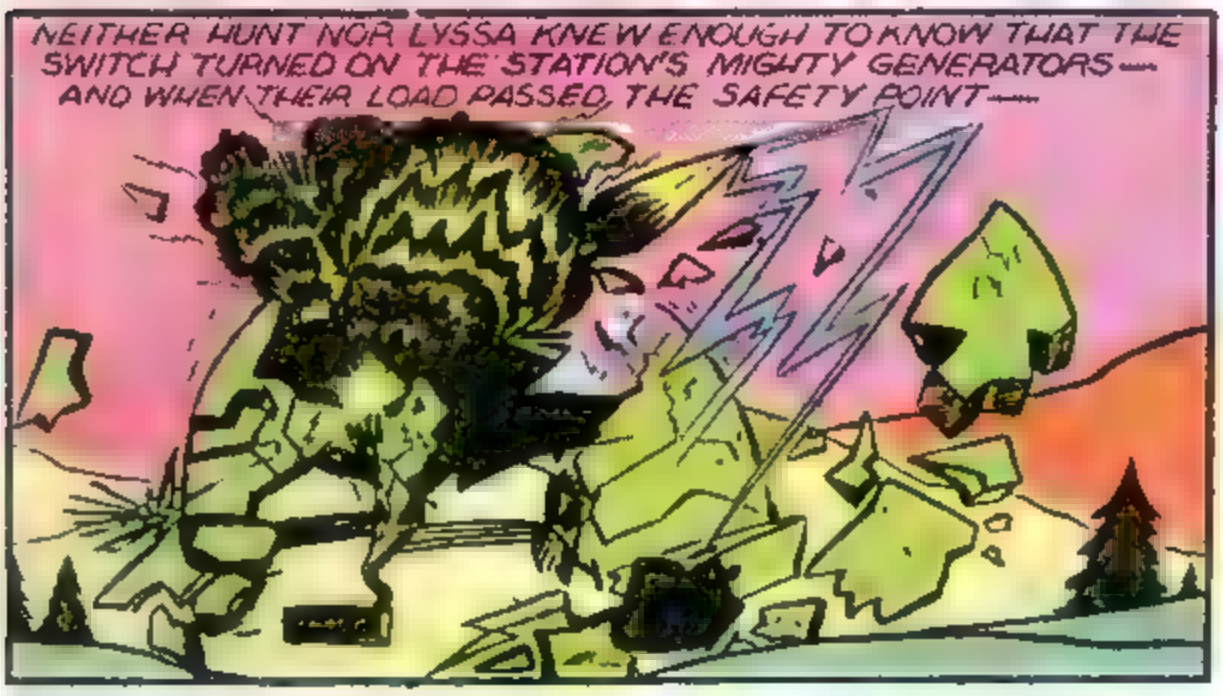
BUT—

ARGH! THAT ONE CAUSE OF THIS! HIM-I—KILLLL—

OH!

C'MON, LYSSA—THAT UPROAR'S OUR CUE!




NEITHER HUNT NOR LYSSA KNEW ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT THE SWITCH TURNED ON THE STATION'S MIGHTY GENERATORS— AND WHEN THEIR LOAD PASSED THE SAFETY POINT——

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF PLANET COMICS, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared [illegible] who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Planet Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, [illegible] Publishing Company, [illegible] Editor, [illegible] Managing Editor, [illegible] Business Manager, [illegible] all of New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: [illegible] (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) [illegible] 1 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is [illegible] (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) [illegible]
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of September, 1941.

(Signed) Louise C. Bruneau,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

Gale Allen

by DOUGLAS McKEE.

THERE WAS NOTHING TO FEAR.. NOTHING GALE COULD SEE OR HEAR...UNTIL NOTHINGNESS BECAME A TERRIBLE, MONSTROUS PERIL..AND GALE WAS TRAPPED!

AT SPACE TERMINAL X-2 -

THIS SWITCHBOARD DUTY IS A WASTE OF TIME! NOTHING EVER HAPPENS ON THE X-2 LINE!

HMM..COMES A BUZZ..BUZZ! HUH? WHAT?

OLD ROCKET.. SPIDER.. IN BIG WEB - OH! HELP!

QUICK! SOMEBODY TAKE THE BOARD WHILE I SEE THE COMMISSIONER!

SIR_I'M THE ONLY PILOT AVAILABLE_ AND IN VIEW OF THE FACTS_

TAKE THE PATROL ROCKET! TRACE THAT CALL! AND GOOD LUCK_

ATMOS-MINUTES LATER_

THE MILKY WAY_TWO THOUSAND AND MORE ATRES TO THE POINT WHERE THAT S.O.S ORIGINATED!

AND EXACTLY TWO THOUSAND ATRES AHEAD, A VAST CITY GLEAMS IN BAR-BARIC SPLENDOR

THIS IS THE PLANET ITEC_THE PLANET LOST THROUGH ATOMIC DISTURBANCE AEONS AGO_NOW RETURNED TO ITS NATURAL ORBIT!

OUR ROCKETS STILL FUNCTION! SOON THE UNIVERSE WILL HEAR OF US AGAIN!

_AND FEAR US!

HEAR ME, O GREAT ONE! WE, THE ITECS, PEOPLE OF THE SPIDER MAKE SACRIFICE TO YOU! HELP US TO OUR RIGHTFUL PLACE_ LORDS OF THE UNIVERSE!

_EEE! NO_NO!

UGH! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT BEING ALONE IN SPACE THAT GETS ME_I'LL BE HAPPY WHEN I LAND SOME PLACE!

BUT_BUT_SOMETHING'S WRONG! THE CONTROLS_.

AUTOMATIC PILOT'S OFF TOO!_WHAT IS IT?! WHAT IS IT_? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING_BUT THERE'S SOMETHING_!

I'M CAUGHT IN A NET! IT WAS INVISIBLE BUT NOW IT'S ALL LIT UP!_LIKE A_A NEON SPIDER WEB!

PATROL

THAT'S WHAT THE CALL SAID!_AND I'M TRAPPED IN THIS!

WHILE BELOW_

SEE THERE! OUR MAGNETIC NET YIELDS NEW PREY!

PERHAPS A FULL CREW OF BAIT FOR OUR SPIDERS!

SUDDENLY, THE NET IS DE-MAGNETIZED AND-

I'M FALLING!

DOWN-DOWN-DOWN-THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERIC RING SURROUNDING ITEC AND THEN-

INTO ANOTHER NET! WHAT IS ALL THIS?!!

AND WHO ARE THOSE STRANGE PEOPLE?

COME! INSPECT THIS NEW ROCKET!

YES-AND SOON WE HAVE ENOUGH TO RECONQUER THE UNIVERSE!

HUH? THEY LOOK LIKE-THEY ARE! ITECS! I'VE SEEN PICTURES OF THIS ANCIENT RACE IN TEXTBOOKS! THEY'VE GOT OUR ROCKET CREW PRISONERS!

GALE! GALE!

STRANGE WOMAN! HAIR LIKE THE SUN -AND SKIN SO WHITE-

UGH! I HOPE THEY ALL DONT TOUCH ME!

SUN HAIR! SHE OUR QUEEN!

YES!

WE HAVE QUEEN TO LEAD US BACK TO GLORY!

QUEEN!

THE QUEEN! —ALIAS GALE ALLEN—

LOR, THE HIGH PRIEST COMES, YOUR MAJESTY!

NOT A BAD IDEA! I CAN SAVE MY PALS THIS WAY—I HOPE!

LONG LIVE SHE!

THE QUEEN.

HOW CONVENIENT! NOW IF I CAN GET THE HYPNOTIC POWDER FROM MY RING INTO HIS EYES—

MAJESTY, YOU WILL LEAD THE SACRIFICIAL RITUAL—

NOW I'M IN THE INNER SANCTUM OF THIS SCREW BALL PLACE! THEY CERTAINLY DON'T OVERDRESS HERE!

YOUR CROWN, MAJESTY.

FIRST I LEAD LIKE THIS!

MY EYES! MY EYES!

DON'T TRY TO RESIST—YOU CAN'T!

YOU WILL OBEY ME—GO NOW TO THE PRISONER'S CAGE...SEEK HE WHO IS MARKED FOR FIRST SACRIFICE TO THE SPIDERS—

I WILL OBEY—

BUILT AROUND A HUGE ROCK-FILLED PIT, IS THE ITEC AMPITHEATRE.

WHEN THE CROWDS HUSH.

THIS QUEEN BUSINESS IS STRICTLY OVER-RATED! I DON'T LIKE IT!

UNDER THE ROCKS LIVE ITEC'S MONSTROUS SPIDERS.EVER HUNGRY FOR HUMAN FLESH.

HOW HORRIBLE! THOSE REPULSIVE THINGS.MY CROWN DISTURBED THEM...

FIRST ONE, THEN ANOTHER OF THE GIGANTIC MAN-EATING SPIDERS EMERGES FROM THE ROCKS.

IF ONLY MY PLAN WORKS.IF NO ONE NOTICES WHO IS THE BAIT.

HEAR ME, O GREAT ONE! THE SACRIFICE IS GOOD. FOR THIS GIVE US BACK OUR ANCIENT POWER.

THE ROCKETS! LET THE SACRIFICE BEGIN!

RELEASE THE PRISONERS! LET THEM STAND BY THE PIT AND WATCH THEIR FATE!

-AND I HOPE THEY GET THE IDEA I'M TRYING TO GIVE EM!

BUT NO-THEIR IDEA IS!-

TRAITOR! I WOULDN'T THINK GALE WOULD DO THIS- FOR A FILTHY GOLD CROWN!

IT ISN'T LIKE HER-

IS THE FIRST SACRIFICE READY?

YES, O QUEEN-

LOWER HIM TO THE SPIDERS!

HUMAN BAIT FOR THE CRAWLING HORROR! LURED BY WARM FLESH-SCENT, THE HIDEOUS THINGS STIR-

BUT-

STOP! SEE! THE BAIT IS LOR-OUR HIGH PRIEST!

WE ARE TRICKED! SAVE HIM!

DEATH TO THE GOLD-HAIRED SHE!

GOOD GIRL, GALE! NOW WE'LL SHOVE THEM IN!

SO THIS IS WHAT GALE HAD US RELEASED FOR!-OUR PAL!

THEIR BLOOD-THIRST UNQUENCHED BY THE ITEC VICTIMS, THE VENOMOUS CREATURES SPIN THEIR DEADLY WEBS TO TRAP MORE!

CREEPING-CRAWLING FROM THEIR PIT, ENGULFING PEOPLE-HOUSES IN THEIR GHASTLY NETS-

-AND AGAINST THEM THERE IS NO DEFENSE!

GALE-THE PATROL ROCKET'S TOO SMALL-

THEN GRAB AN ANCIENT ITEC ROCKET AND TRUST TO LUCK!

QUICK! THEY'RE TOSSING SKY-WEBS AFTER US!

'SAFE'-BUT LOOK AT THE ITEC CITY NOW!

THIS TIME THEY'RE GONE FOR GOOD!

GALE ALLEN CALLING! LISTEN, I'VE A STORY THAT'LL TEAR YOUR EARS OFF! ABOUT SPIDERS —

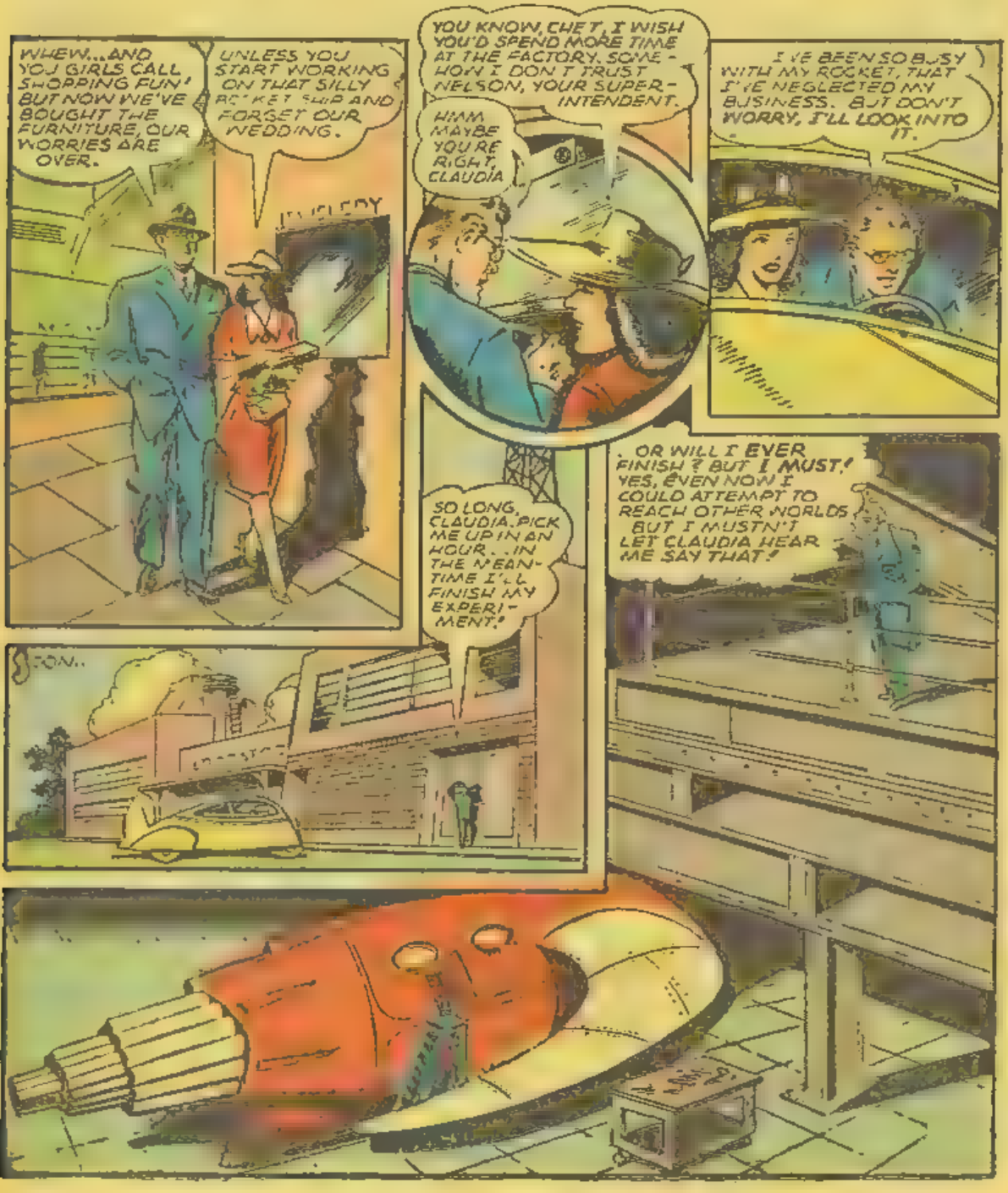
HEY! THE HOME OFFICE WON'T BELIEVE ME! SAID I'M NUTS!

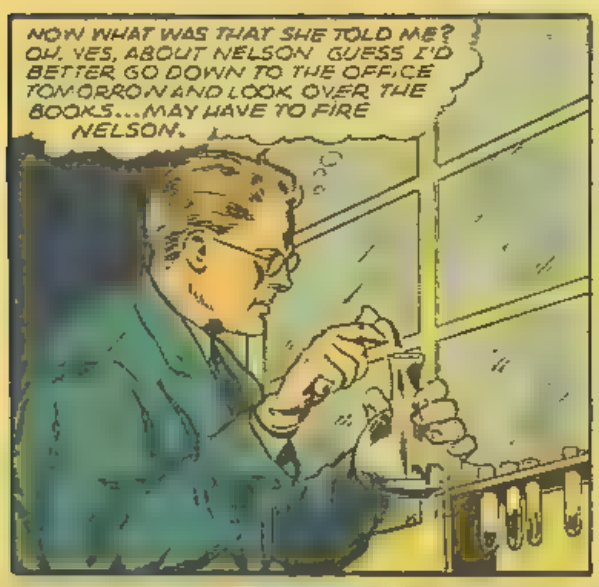
GALE ALLEN APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

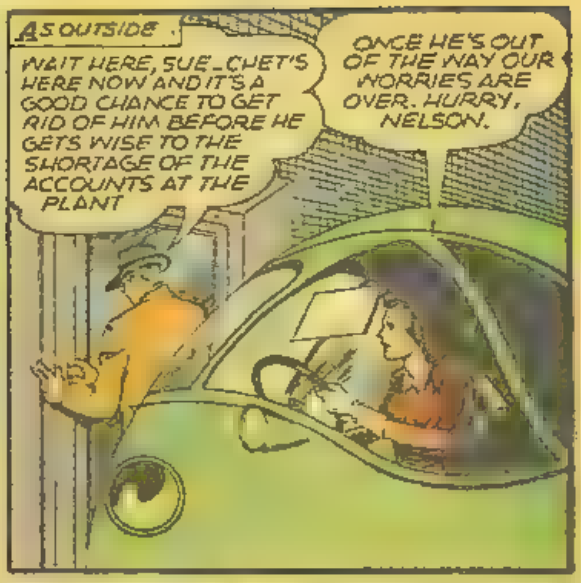
AURO LORD of JUPITER

BY DICK CHARLES

1965 ALMOST TWENTY YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE SECOND GREAT WORLD WAR AND PEACE RULES THE EARTH. BUT ONE WEAPON INTRODUCED BY THE BESTIAL HUNS THE ROCKET REMAINS TO STIMULATE THE IMAGINATIONS OF MANY YOUNG SCIENTISTS GOAD THEM TO SPECULATE ON THE POSSIBILITY OF PIONEERING THE SPACE LANES. IN CENTERVILLE U.S.A., CHESTER EDSON HAS DREAMED THAT DREAM OF CONQUEST, AND EVEN NOW STANDS ON THE BRINK OF SUCCESS.


WHEW...AND YOU GIRLS CALL SHOPPING FUN! BUT NOW WE'VE BOUGHT THE FURNITURE, OUR WORRIES ARE OVER.
UNLESS YOU START WORKING ON THAT SILLY ROCKET SHIP AND FORGET OUR WEDDING.
YOU KNOW, CHET, I WISH YOU'D SPEND MORE TIME AT THE FACTORY. SOMEHOW I DON'T TRUST NELSON, YOUR SUPERINTENDENT.
HMM... MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, CLAUDIA
I'VE BEEN SO BUSY WITH MY ROCKET, THAT I'VE NEGLECTED MY BUSINESS. BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL LOOK INTO IT.
SO LONG, CLAUDIA. PICK ME UP IN AN HOUR...IN THE MEANTIME I'LL FINISH MY EXPERIMENT.
VROOM...
...OR WILL I EVER FINISH? BUT I MUST! YES, EVEN NOW I COULD ATTEMPT TO REACH OTHER WORLDS BUT I MUSTN'T LET CLAUDIA HEAR ME SAY THAT!

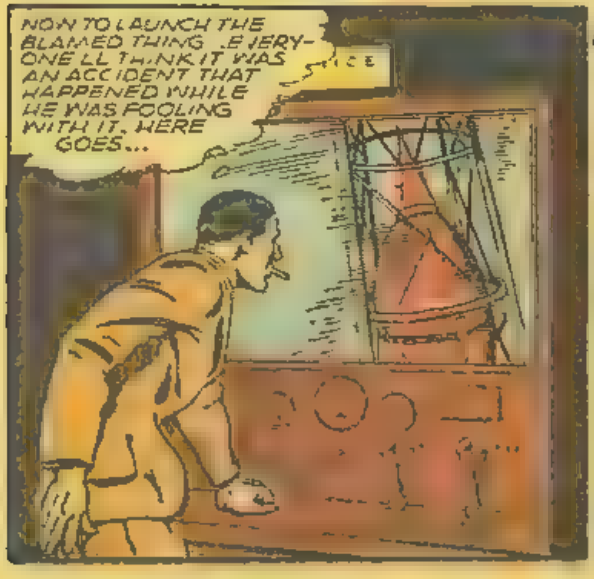

NOW WHAT WAS THAT SHE TOLD ME? OH, YES, ABOUT NELSON GUESS I'D BETTER GO DOWN TO THE OFFICE TOMORROW AND LOOK OVER THE BOOKS...MAY HAVE TO FIRE NELSON.

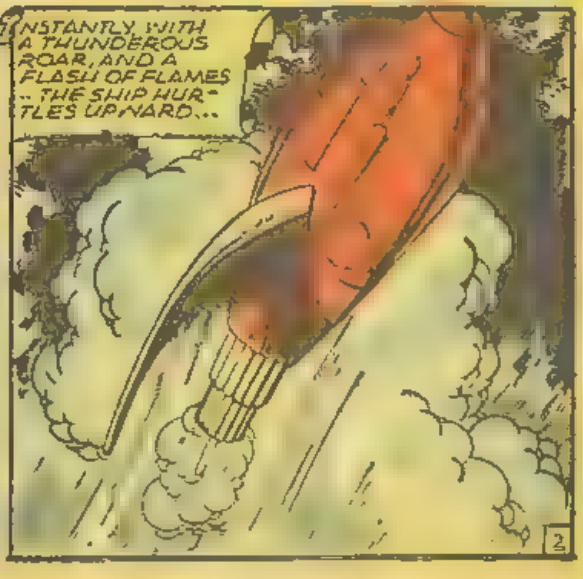

AS OUTSIDE
WAIT HERE, SUE...CHET'S HERE NOW AND IT'S A GOOD CHANCE TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE HE GETS WISE TO THE SHORTAGE OF THE ACCOUNTS AT THE PLANT
ONCE HE'S OUT OF THE WAY OUR WORRIES ARE OVER. HURRY, NELSON.

HMMM. THIS'LL WORK. WHO'S THERE? YOU, NELSON?

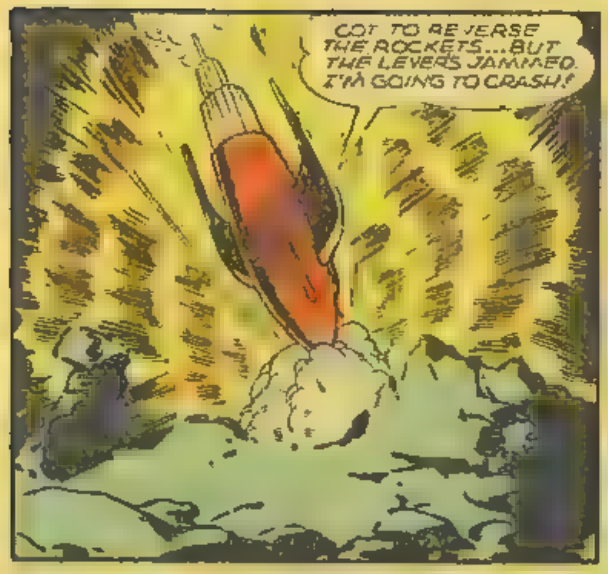
YEAH. AND THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU, WET-NOSED KID!

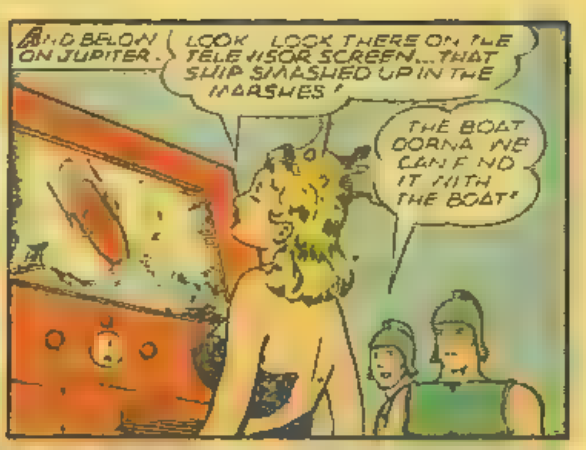
SOON... HE'S STILL ALIVE. BUT NO MATTER. I'LL STUFF HIM INSIDE HIS ROCKET AND NO ONE'LL BE THE WISER.

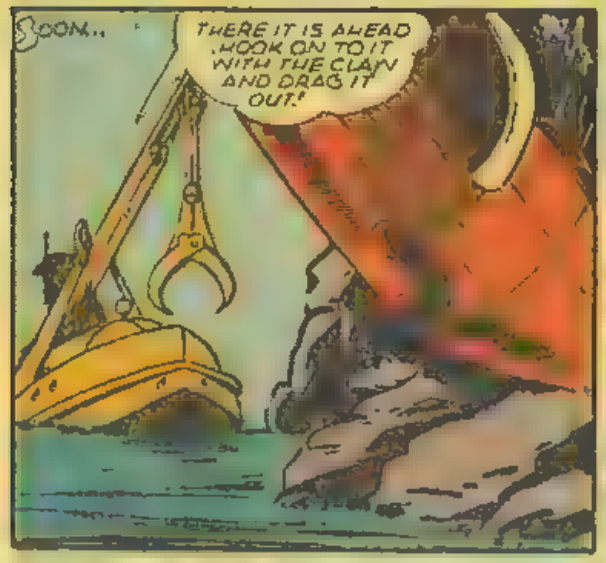

NOW TO LAUNCH THE BLAMED THING. EVERYONE'LL THINK IT WAS AN ACCIDENT THAT HAPPENED WHILE HE WAS FOOLING WITH IT. HERE GOES...


INSTANTLY, WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, AND A FLASH OF FLAMES ..THE SHIP HURTLES UPWARD...

THE SHIP BACKFIRED! GOT TO GET OUT OF THE LAB.. GAS CHOKING ME ..OHHH.
AS OUTSIDE ..
HOPE CHET'S READY GOOD HEAVENS THE ROCKET SHIP!
LABORATORY
HE'S LAUNCHED IT! HIS LABOR-ATORY'S ON FIRE... HE'LL BE KILLED!
LATER..
SORRY, MA'AM, BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE BODY.. IT'S YOUNG EDSON WITHOUT A DOUBT.
YES_YES .I KNOW. I LEFT HIM HERE EXPERIMENTING... OH, AND WE WERE TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK!
BUT ON, ON THROUGH THE ETHER, ROARS THE ROCKET SHIP...
AND INSIDE .
WHWHAT HAPPENED? OH, YES... THE LAB-ORATORY .I TURNED AND SAW NELSON... HE HIT ME!
BUT.. YES, IT'S TRUE ..I'M ABOARD MY SHIP AND IT'S MOV-ING. THAT DIAL SAYS I'M APPROACHING JUPITER!
3


GOT TO REVERSE THE ROCKETS... BUT THE LEVERS JAMMED. I'M GOING TO CRASH!


AND BELOW ON JUPITER...
LOOK LOOK THERE ON THE TELEVISOR SCREEN... THAT SHIP SMASHED UP IN THE MARSHES!
THE BOAT DORNA WE CAN FIND IT WITH THE BOAT!

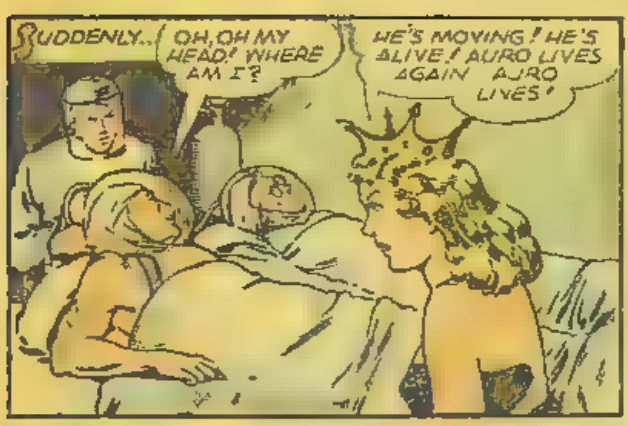

SOON...
THERE IT IS AHEAD. HOOK ON TO IT WITH THE CLAW AND DRAG IT OUT!

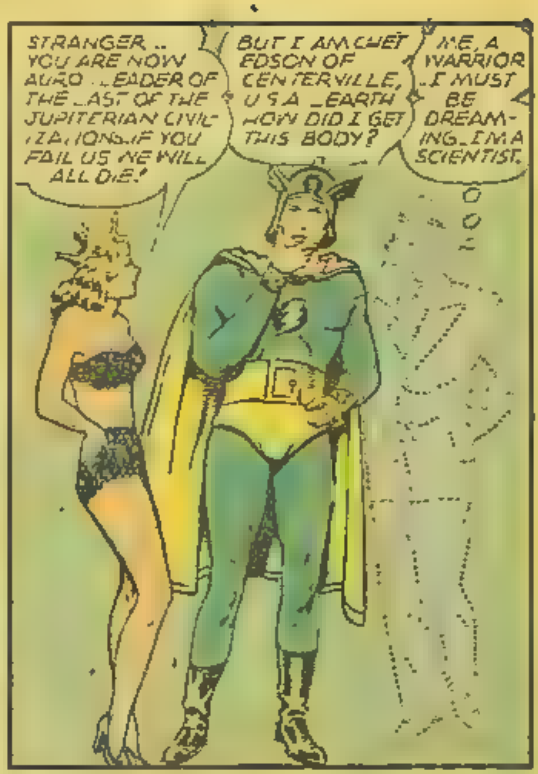
GOOD! HOIST IT IN QUICK, THE RAY GUNS. THERE'S A DIRATUS AFTER IT!

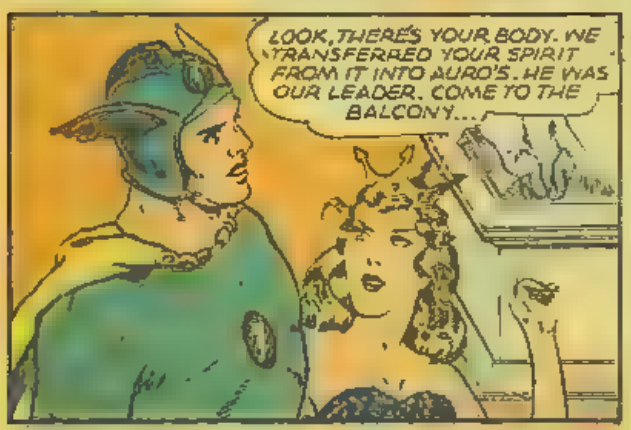
HOURS LATER IN THE JUPITERIAN LABORATORY
STRANGE HUMAN, DORNA AND HE'S DYING LUNGS NOT ADAPTED TO OUR ATMOSPHERE
CARRY HIM THIS WAY, QUICKLY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

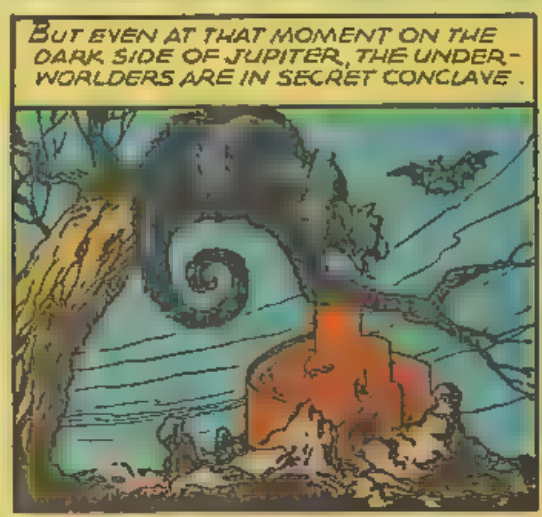
USE AURO'S BODY... PERHAPS WE CAN TRANSFER THIS STRANGER'S SPIRIT INTO IT HURRY!

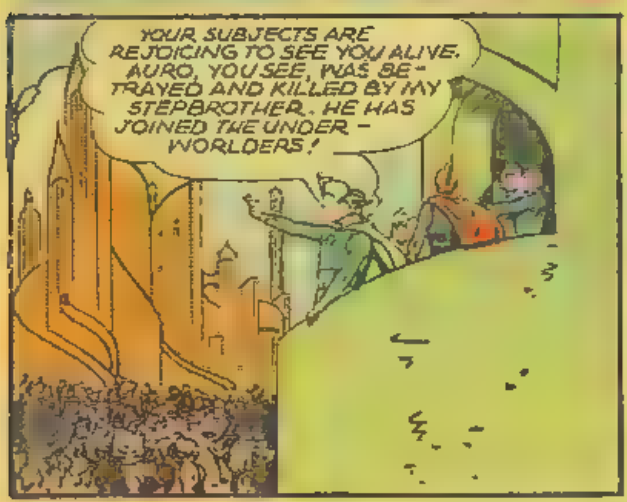
AFTER LONG MINUTES
THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO NOW WATCH WE'LL SOON KNOW IF IT'S TO BE SUCCESSFUL!

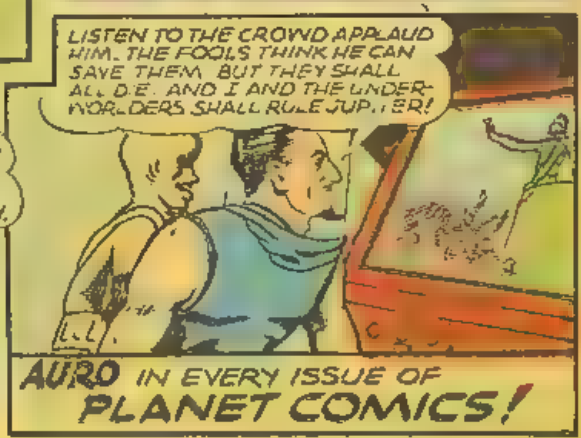



STRANGER .. YOU ARE NOW AURO .. LEADER OF THE LAST OF THE JUPITERIAN CIVILIZATIONS IF YOU FAIL US WE WILL ALL DIE!
BUT I AM CHET EDSON OF CENTERVILLE, U.S.A. EARTH HOW DID I GET THIS BODY?
ME, A WARRIOR .. I MUST BE DREAMING.. I'M A SCIENTIST.

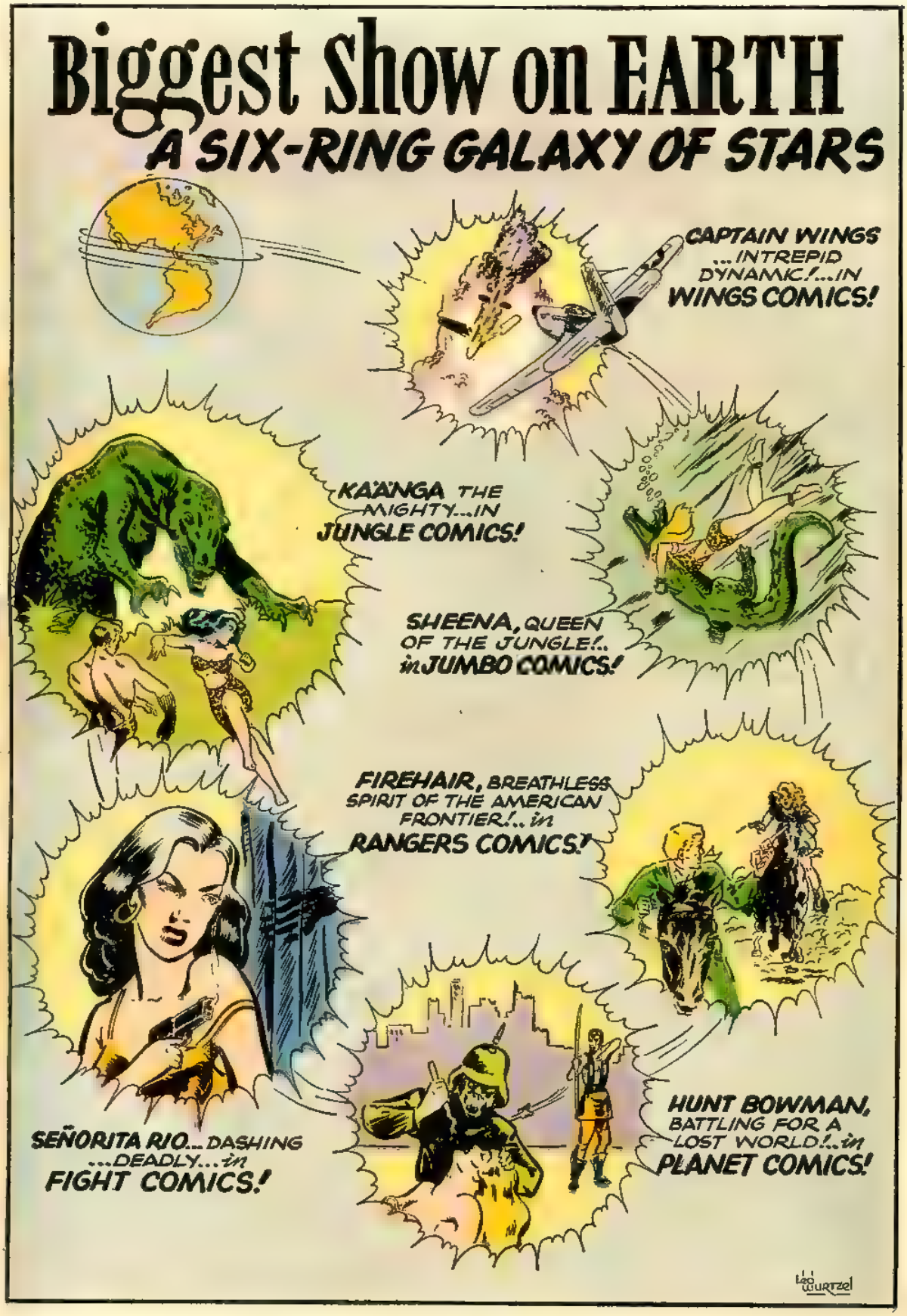




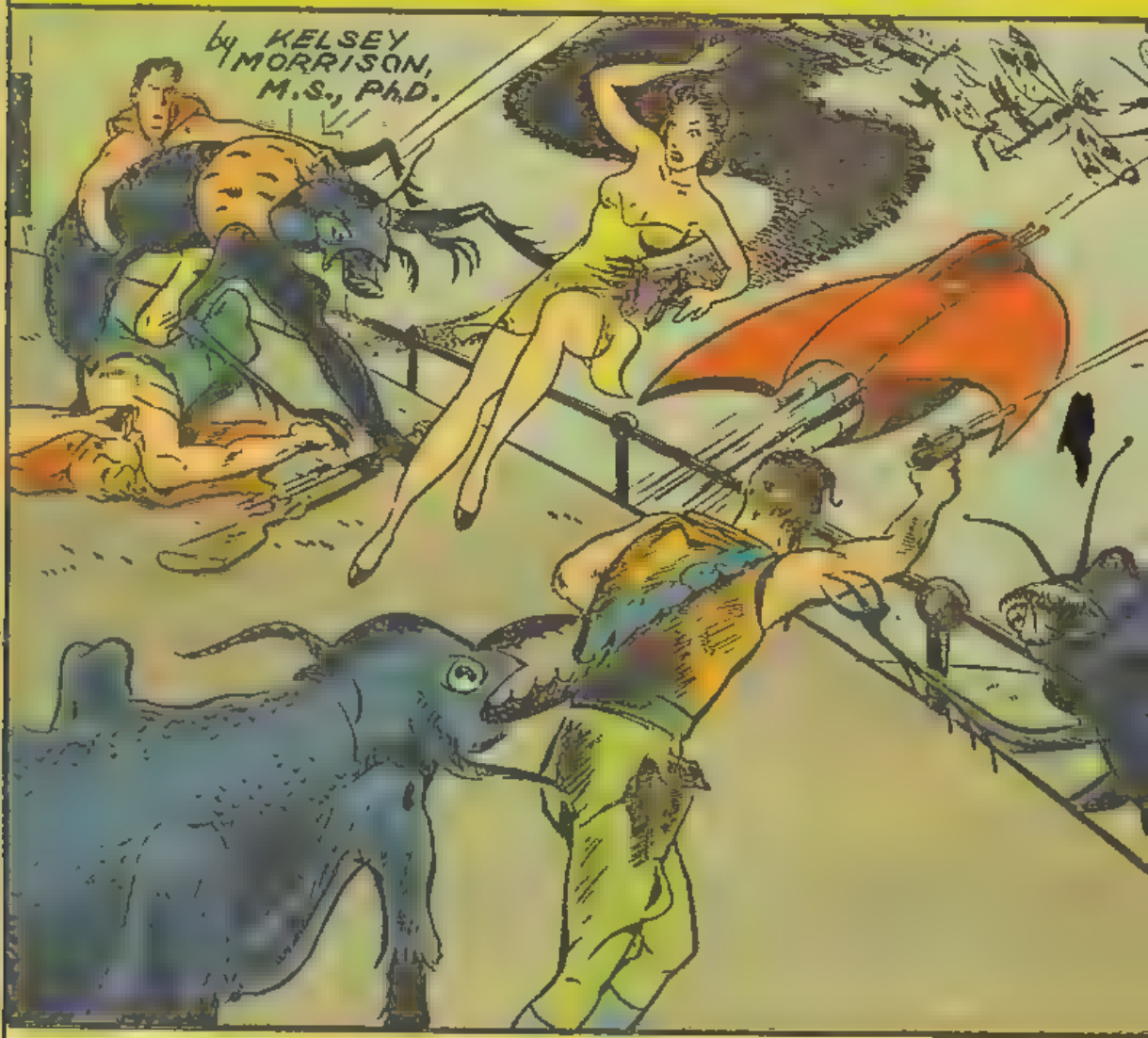

YOUR SUBJECTS ARE REJOICING TO SEE YOU ALIVE. AURO, YOU SEE, WAS BETRAYED AND KILLED BY MY STEPBROTHER. HE HAS JOINED THE UNDER-WORLDERS!


LISTEN TO THE CROWD APPLAUD HIM.. THE FOOLS THINK HE CAN SAVE THEM. BUT THEY SHALL ALL D.I.E. AND I AND THE UNDER-WORLDERS SHALL RULE JUPITER!

AURO IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!


Biggest Show on EARTH
A SIX-RING GALAXY OF STARS
CAPTAIN WINGS ...INTREPID DYNAMIC!...IN WINGS COMICS!
KA'ANGA THE MIGHTY...IN JUNGLE COMICS!
SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE!.. in JUMBO COMICS!
FIREHAIR, BREATHLESS SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER!.. in RANGERS COMICS!
SEÑORITA RIO... DASHING ...DEADLY... in FIGHT COMICS!
HUNT BOWMAN, BATTLING FOR A LOST WORLD!.. in PLANET COMICS!
Leo Wurtzel

REVOLT OF THE



FANTASTIC? IMPOSSIBLE? **NO!** FOR SCIENTISTS TODAY AGREE THERE **IS** A POSSIBILITY THAT WE MAY FACE ANNIHILATION BY THE INSECT HORDES.. EVOLUTIONARILY, THEY ARE CAPABLE OF GROWTH TO ONE THOUSAND TIMES THEIR PRESENT SIZE ANOTHER FACTOR IS THE EFFECT OF THE INFILTRATION OF SUN RAYS THROUGH STORM CLOUDS. LARGE SWARMS OF INSECTS FREQUENTLY APPEAR AFTER HEAVY RAINS, AND IT'S POSSIBLE THAT INSECT LARVAE COULD GROW TO TREMENDOUS PROPORTIONS, AND BE FURTHER ENLARGED BY INFRA RED AND ULTRA VIOLET RAYS.

INSECT WORLD!

THE ARTIST'S SKETCH GIVES US A GRIM PICTURE OF WHAT THE INVASION MIGHT BE LIKE.

SWEEPING DOWN OVER ALL CONTINENTS, THESE GIANT INSECTS WOULD ATTACK, THEIR VORACIOUS HABIT OF INSATIABLE EATING DESTROYING MAN AND BEAST ALIKE.

MODERN WEAPONS WOULD BE TRIED, THEN GIANT FOREST FIRES WOULD BE STARTED, BUT ALL MEASURES WOULD BE FUTILE AGAINST THE ASTRONOMICAL NUMBERS OF GIANT INSECTS..

WE HOPE, HOWEVER, THAT THIS AWESOME CALAMITY DOES NOT OCCUR IN OUR DAY.

STAR PIRATE

by LEN DODSON.

FER TH' LUVVA LUNA, STAR, HEAD HOME! I'M STARVIN'!!

..IN A SEC, BLACKBEARD. I'M WAITING FOR SOME-THING-

A ROCKET OF COLONISTS FOR OUTER SPACE IS DUE HERE-WE'RE GOING TO SIDE-TRACK 'EM!

WHY? YOU LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE?

WOW! WATCH THAT MAGNO-INDICATOR SPIN!!-MEANS THAT ROCKET'S COMING!!

SO THE NEEDLE WIGGLES AN' A SHIP HEAVES TO-SO WHAT?

YOU'LL SEE B.B.! EVER DO A SHANGHAI JOB?

SHANGHAI, STAR? ULP!-NOW?

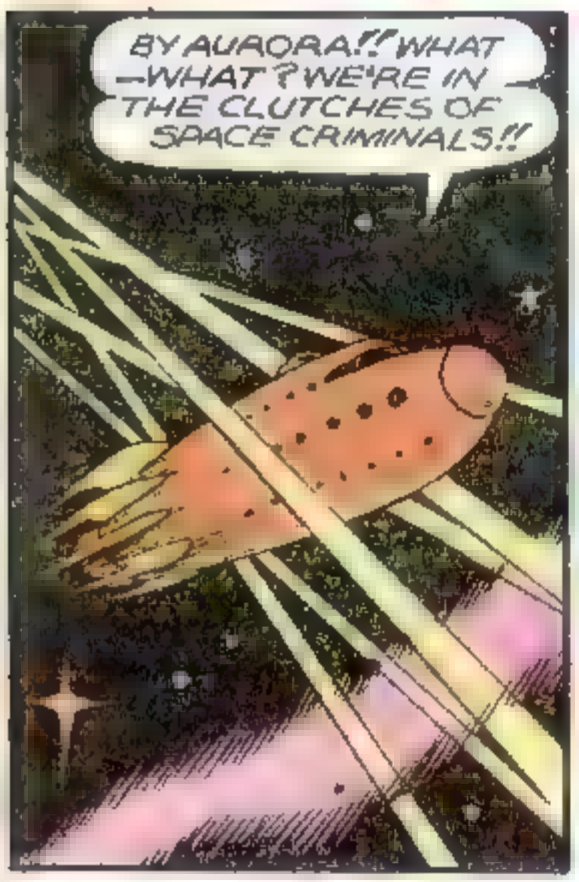
YEP!

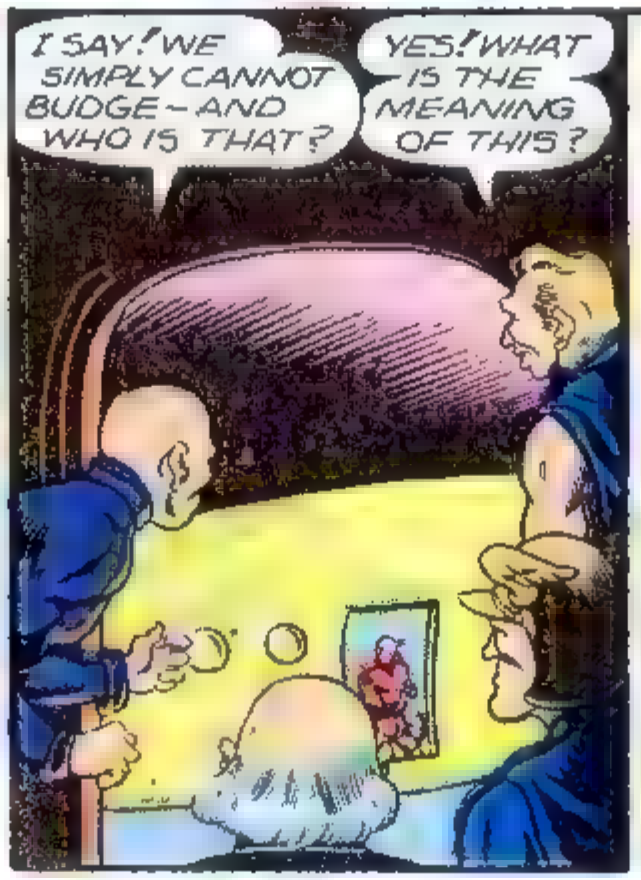
WE'RE TAKIN' OVER THAT ROCKET O' COLONISTS-FOR THEIR OWN GOOD!

NOT ME! THE SPACE COPPERS HAVE ENOUGH ON ME WITH-OUT ADDIN' A SHANG-HAI RAP! LEMME OUTTA HERE!!

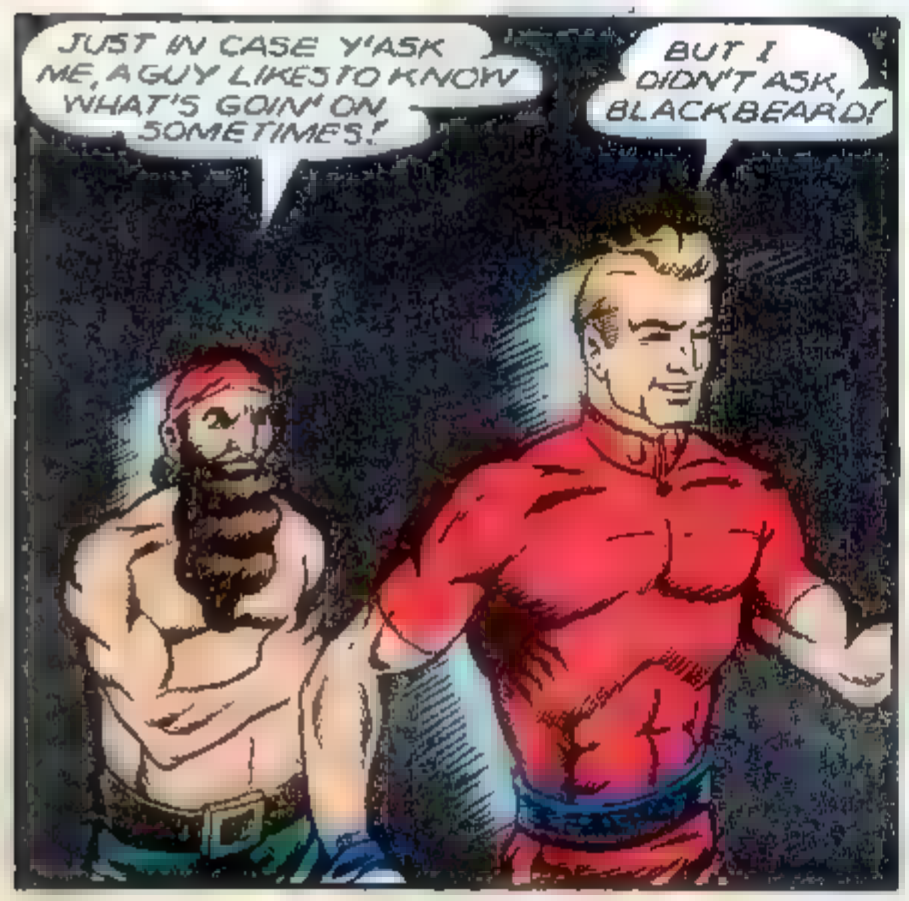
I'D BE IN THE JUG FER FIFTY ANNOS!! LEMME OUTTA HERE!
PIPE DOWN AN' COOPERATE WITH A FELLA, WILL YOU!?

OKAY-I'LL COOPERATE— BUT MY HEART AIN'T IN IT!! HOLD 'STILL WHILE I TRAP 'EM IN THE MAGNETO-BEAMS!


BY AURORA!! WHAT —WHAT? WE'RE IN THE CLUTCHES OF SPACE CRIMINALS!!


I SAY! WE SIMPLY CANNOT BUDGE — AND WHO IS THAT?
YES! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

HERE — CATCH!


JUST IN CASE Y'ASK ME, A GUY LIKES TO KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON SOMETIMES!
BUT I DIDN'T ASK, BLACKBEARD!

BACK!!
RECEPTION COMMITTEE, GENTLEMEN? HOW THOUGHTFUL!

HO, HO!

I SEE NOTHING FUNNY, YOU SCOUNDREL! WE'RE PEACEFUL COLONISTS SEEKING NEW LAND— MUST YOU INTERFERE?

SORRY IF I SCARED YOU, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO STOP YOU!

YEAH?

UH?

DON'T GET HUFFY, BUD! IF YOU'LL HOLD YOUR HORSES, I'LL TELL YOU—

EEE-YIPE!

YOU'RE LOOKING FOR LAND— RIGHT? WELL, I'M SAVING YOU A LOTTA TROUBLE 'CAUSE I **KNOW** WHERE THERE'S FREE LAND!— AN' POPULATED **ONLY** BY WOMEN!

WIMMEN, HE SAYS!! SO HE INVITES HALF THE UNIVERSE TO COME ALONG!!—MY PAL!

STAR, YOU MEAN THAT PLANET HAS BEEN LOST FOR TEN AEONS OF TIME? THEN THE WOMEN MUST BE OLD HAGS!

AT LAST SOMEONE'S FOUND US!

MEANWHILE, ON THE LOST LAND

TOWER CALLING! LARGE METAL BODY BEARING INTO OUR MAGNOLINE!

THE ROCKET HOLDS FAST TO ITS COURSE, WHEN ...

CONTROLS ARE FROZEN!

NOW WE ARE IN A FIX, WISE GUY!

FIX IS NO WORD FOR IT! WE'RE IN A MAGNETIC TRAP!

COMPELLING POWER TOWS THEM INTO A YAWNING CAVERN!

—AT THE END OF WHICH THEY STOP —IN A HUGE ARMORY—

WELCOME STRANGERS!

HUH?

IT WAS A PLEASURE TO TRAP YOU!

HEY, BE CAREFUL!

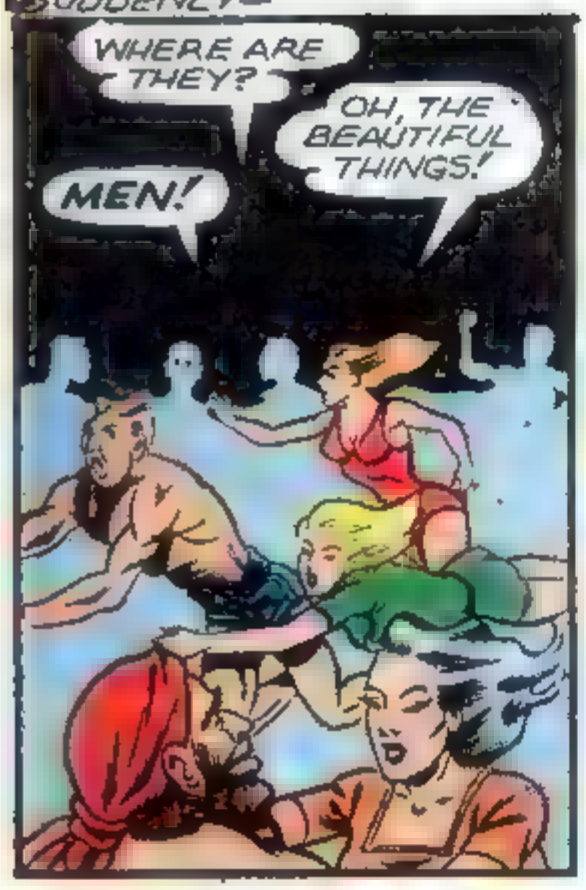
YOU ARE **MEN**?

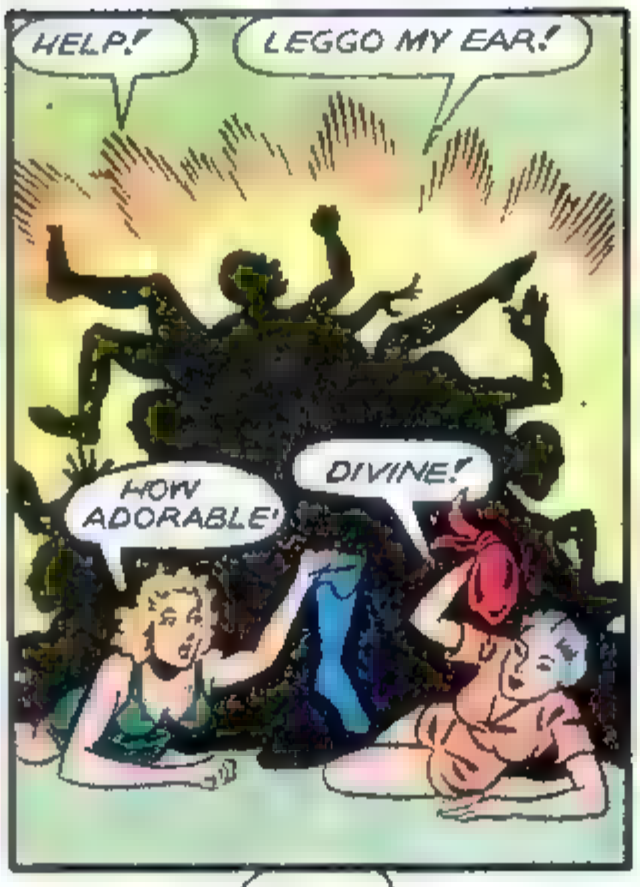
WHADDYA THINK WE ARE— MICE?

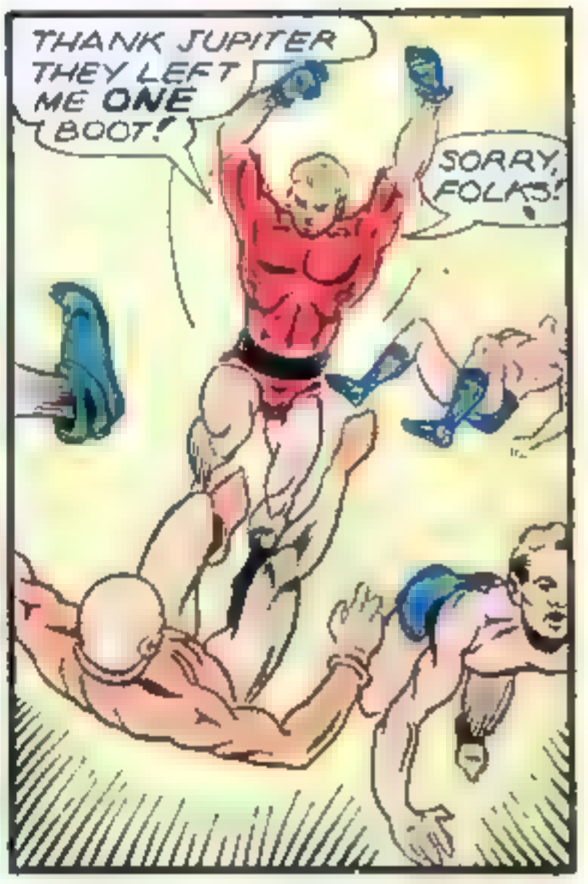
THIS IS THE PLANET MEN FORGOT! WE HAVE SEEN PICTURES OF MEN, BUT NEVER A REAL ONE... MANY AEONS AGO WE WERE BOUND AS BRIDES TO THE PLANET PAX— BUT WE CRASHED—

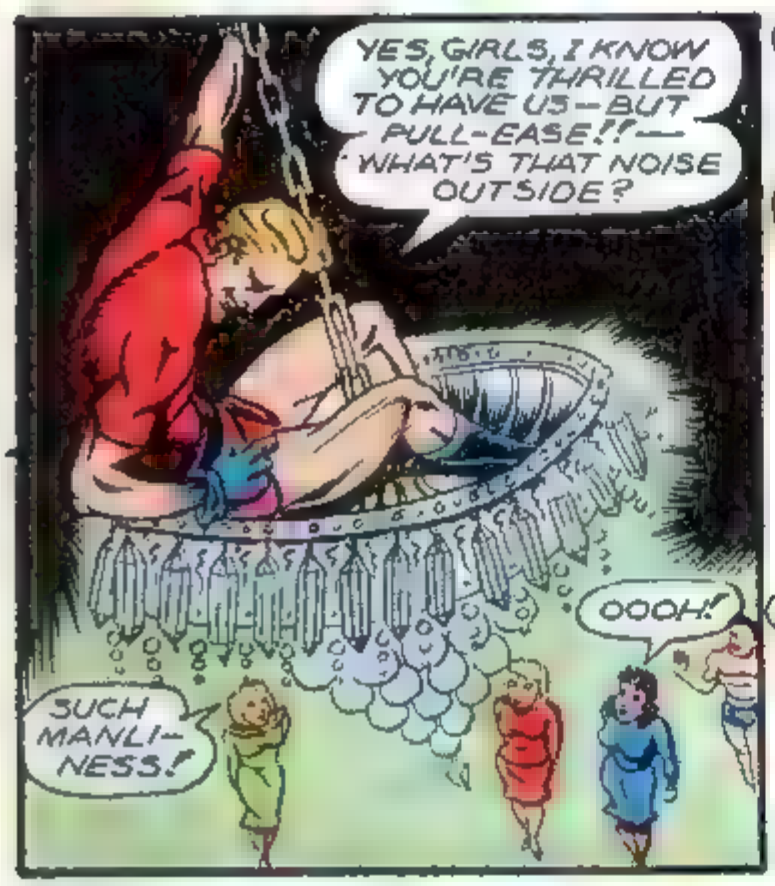
AND STILL ARE YOUNG—AFTER SO LONG?

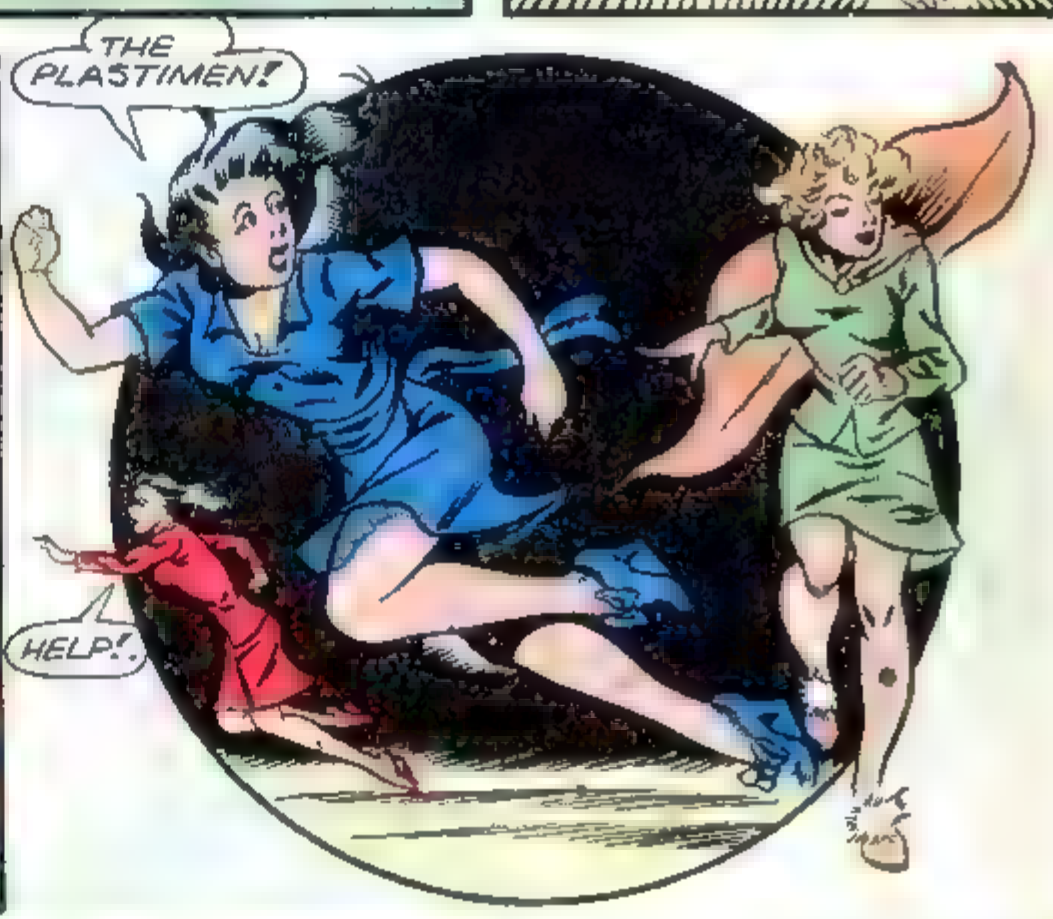
SUDDENLY—


WHERE ARE THEY?
OH, THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS!
MEN!

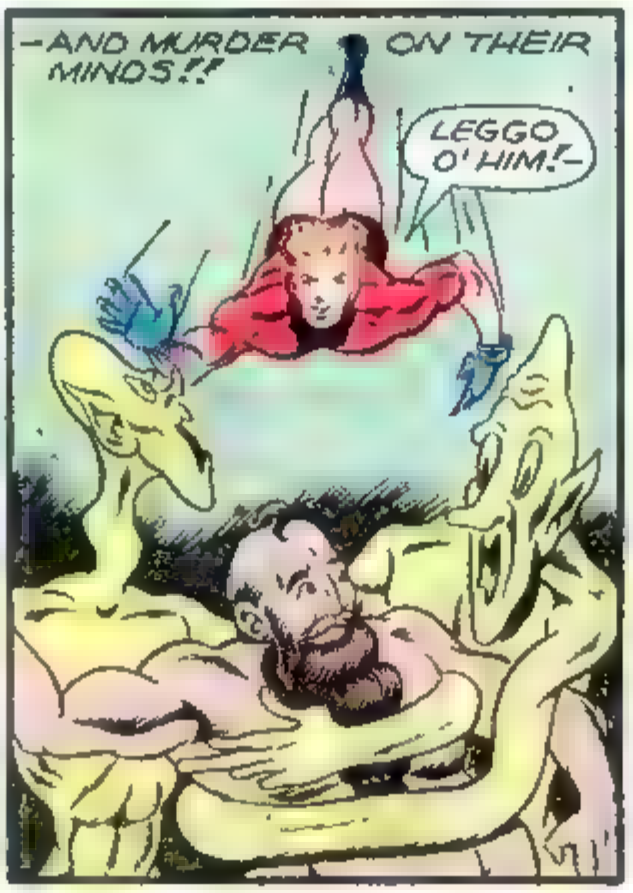

HELP!
LEGGO MY EAR!
HOW ADORABLE!
DIVINE!


THANK JUPITER THEY LEFT ME ONE BOOT!
SORRY, FOLKS!

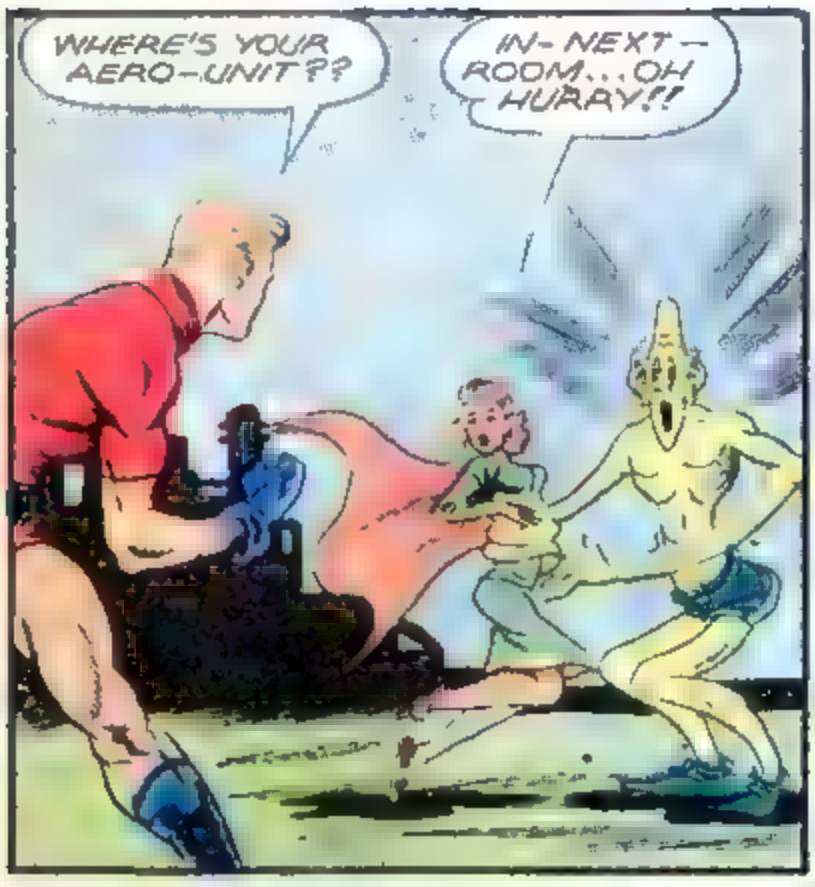

YES, GIRLS, I KNOW YOU'RE THRILLED TO HAVE US—BUT PULL-EASE!!— WHAT'S THAT NOISE OUTSIDE?
OOOH!
SUCH MANLI-NESS!

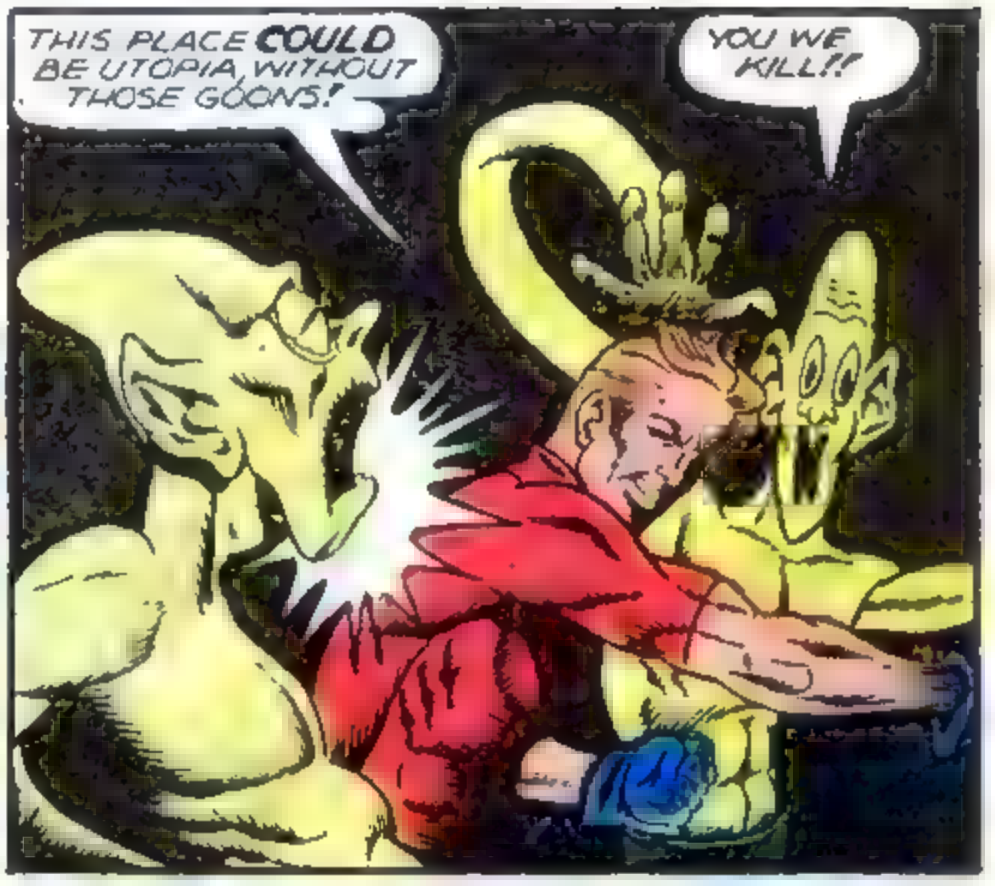

THE PLASTIMEN!
HELP!

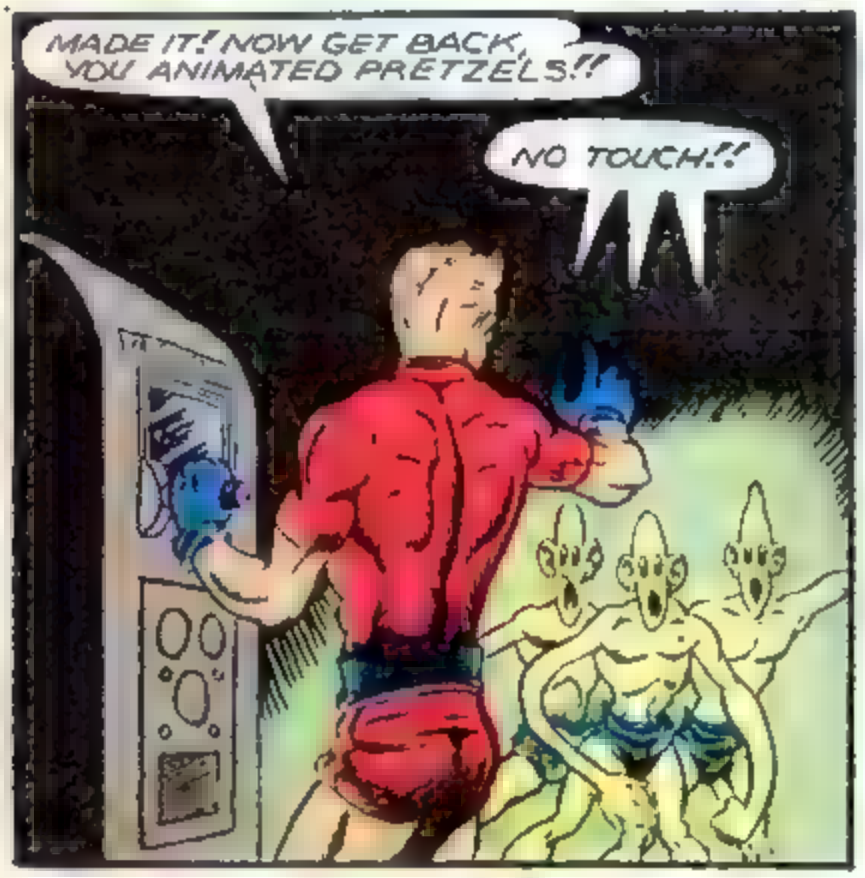
IN SWARM HORDES OF CURIOUS CREATURES— FLEXIBLE BODIES, BRIGHT PLASTIC-HUED.

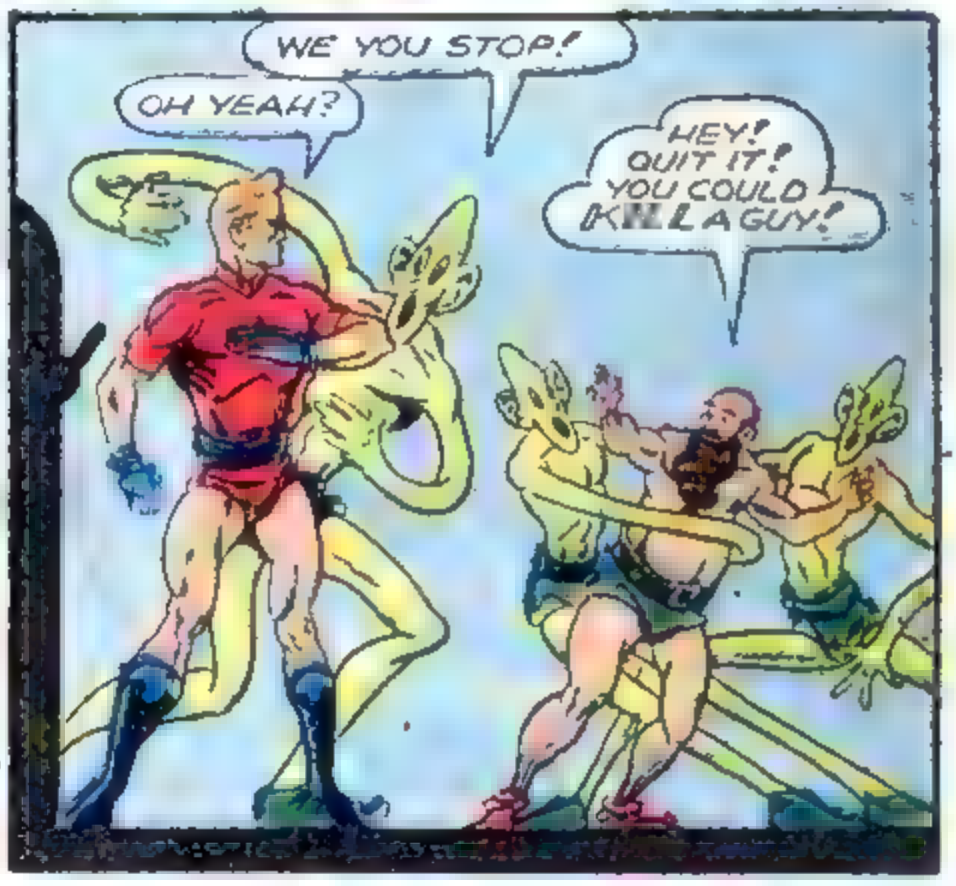

—AND MURDER ON THEIR MINDS!!
LEGGO O' HIM!—

THEIR BODIES ARE SOFT FLEXOPLAST—WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA!


WHERE'S YOUR AERO-UNIT??
IN- NEXT — ROOM...OH HURRAY!!


THIS PLACE COULD BE UTOPIA WITHOUT THOSE GOONS!
YOU WE KILL!!


MADE IT! NOW GET BACK, YOU ANIMATED PRETZELS!!
NO TOUCH!!


WE YOU STOP!
OH YEAH?
HEY! QUIT IT! YOU COULD KILL A GUY!

C-CAN'T BREAK HIM— C CAN'T—

VICTORY WE HAVE!
TO HOME WITH SLAVES!
H-HELP!
EEEE
6

MY LUNGS — BURSTING...! BUT IF I CAN GET TO MY BELT MECHANISM—

—AND WORK MY BOOTS— GOT IT!!

GOOD I SWIPED MY OTHER BOOT FROM THAT GAL SOUVENIR HOUND!

A FEW FREEZING BLASTS WILL SOLVE THE PLASTIMEN PROBLEM FOR GOOD!

THE ICY DRAUGHTS FREEZE THE FLEXOPLAST BODIES INTO RIGID STATUES!

THAT'S THAT! NOW WHAT—?

WE'VE DECIDED TO SETTLE HERE, STAR... THE GIRLS SAY IF THEY LEAVE, AGE WILL CREEP UP ON 'EM— SO WE'LL JUST STAY YOUNG HERE TOO!

YOU STAY TOO, SO HANDSOME ONE?

I SEE YOU FIRST! MINE!!

LADEEZ!

HEY!! LEMME GO, I JUST MADE A DATE-

NOTHIN' DOIN', B.B. WE'RE NOT READY TO SETTLE DOWN- THINK OF ALL THE OTHER GALS IN THE UNIVERSE!

murphy anderson '45

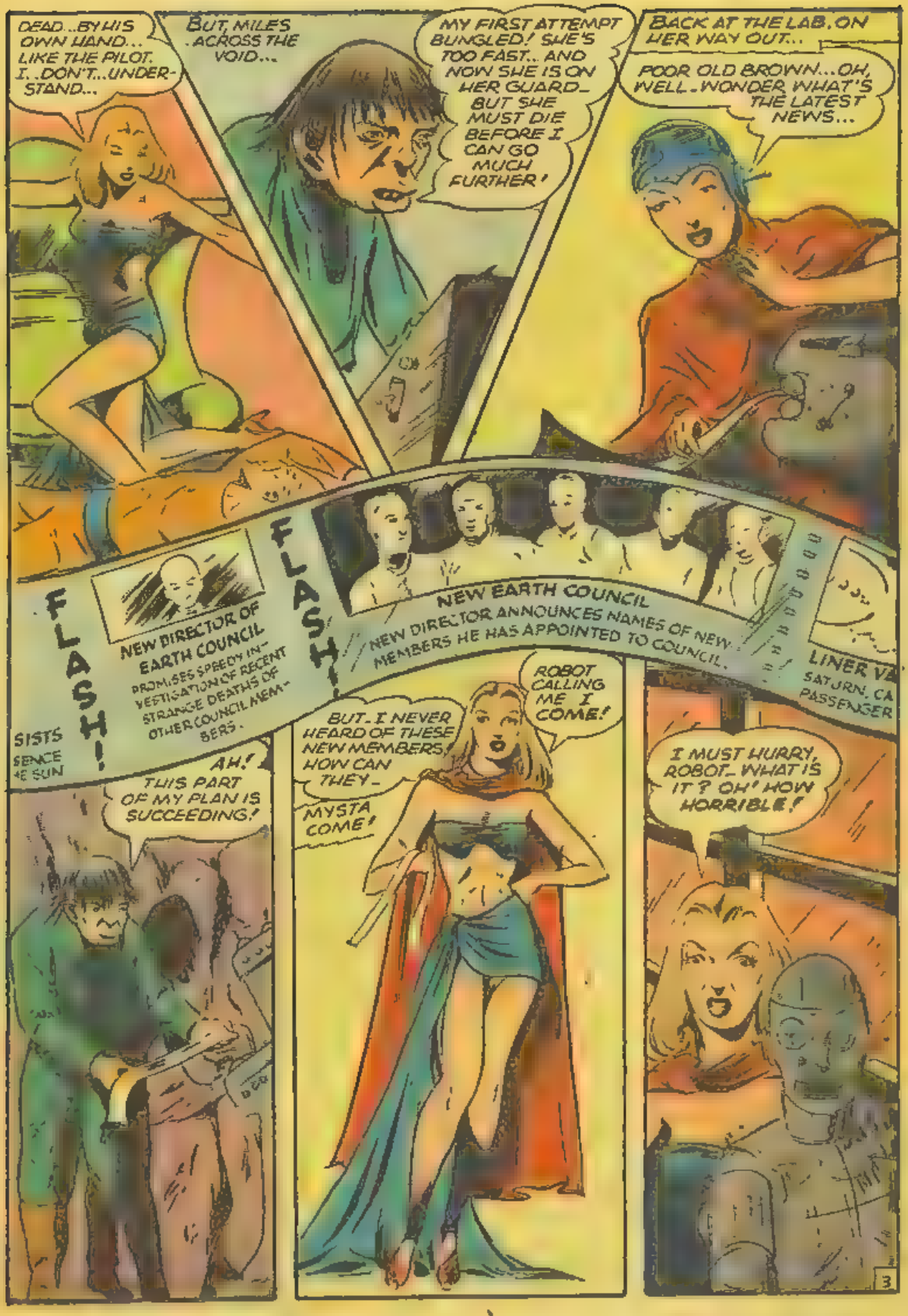
STAR PIRATE APPEARS IN EVERY PLANET COMICS!

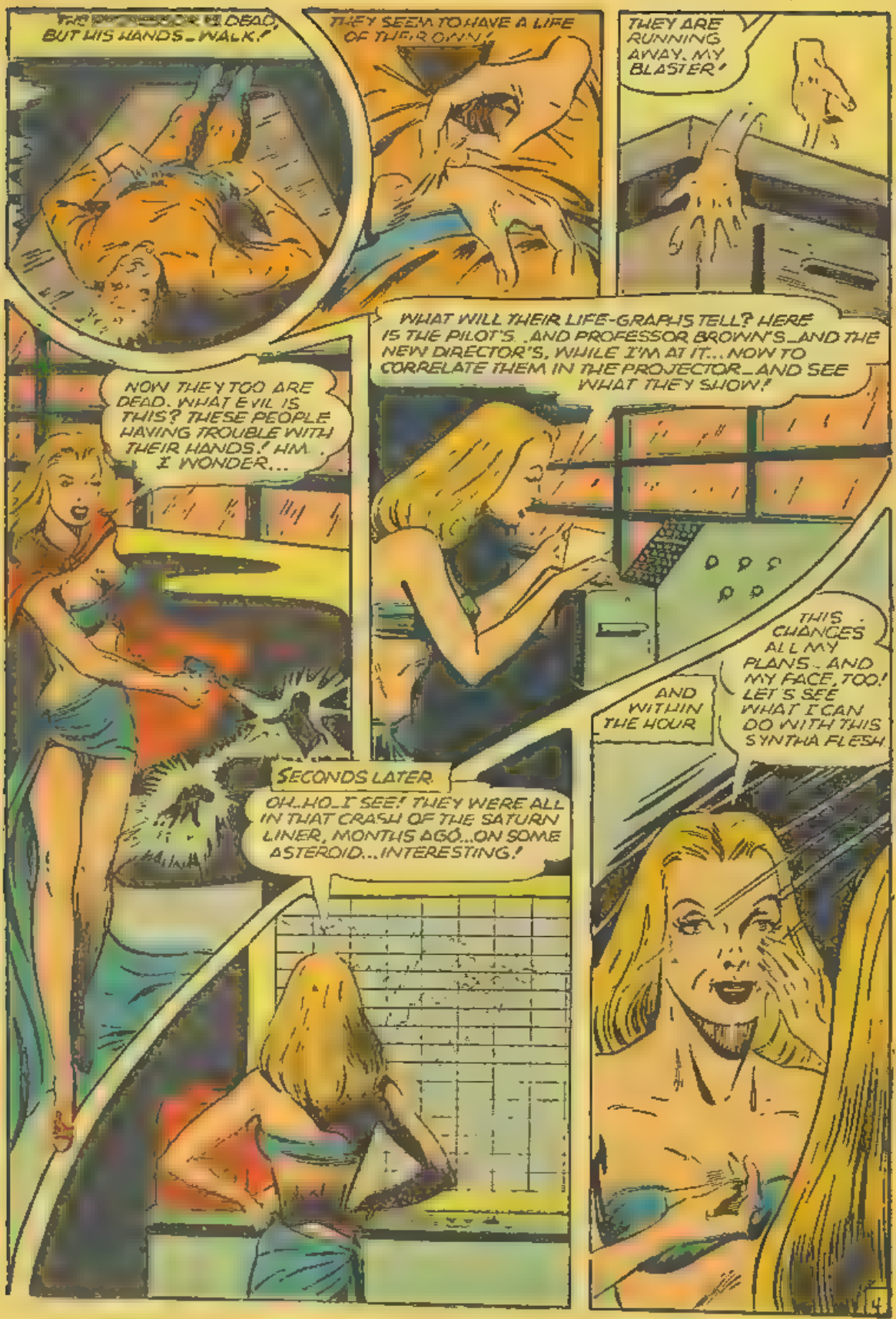
MYSTA OF THE moon

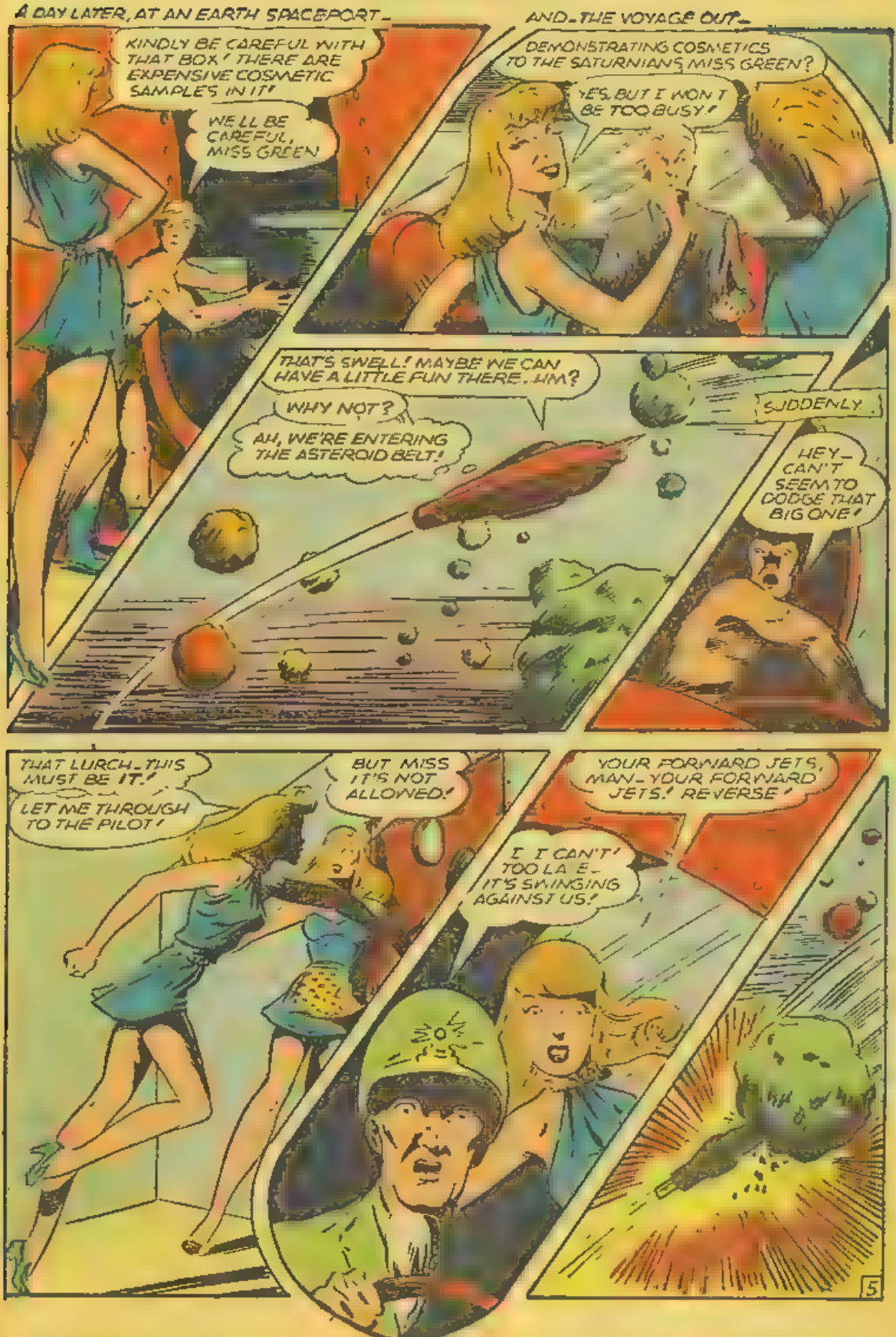
By ROSS GALLUN

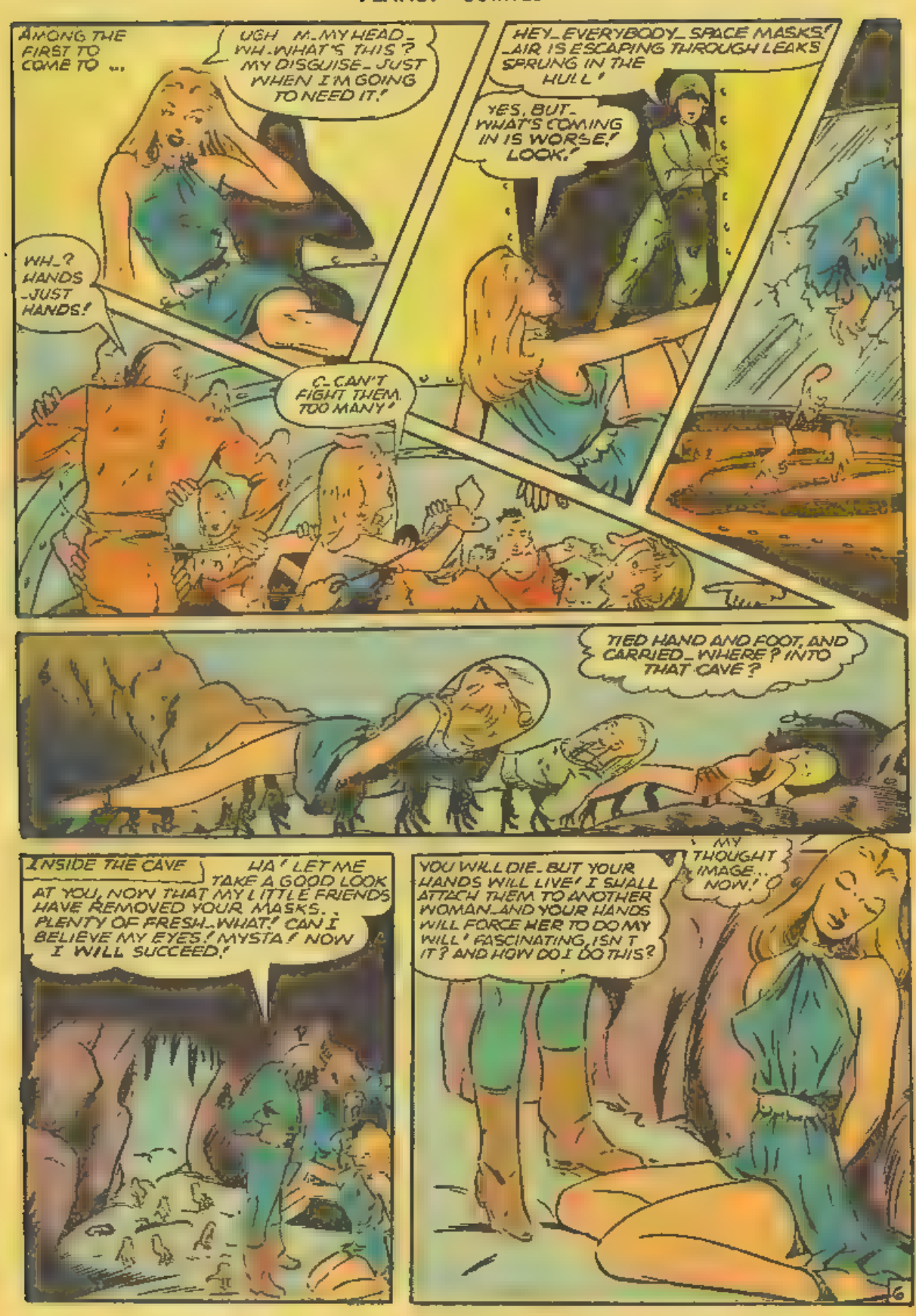
ALONE IN HER CITADEL OF SCIENCE, SHE CALMLY AWAITS THE NEXT OF THE UNENDING ASSAULTS SPAWNED BY THE LURKING TERRORS OF OUTER SPACE SHE NEVER WAITS FOR LONG!
OH, DRAT! THERE GOES THE SPACECOM AGAIN!
OKAY, BOYS- WHAT IS IT NOW?
VERY SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, MYSTA SUPREME- BUT THIS ONE INSISTED ON TALKING TO YOU! GO AHEAD, YOU- MAKE IT SHORT!
SPACE PILOT ROGERS, EH? ALL RIGHT- WHAT IS IT?
OH, MYSTA, THIS IS FRIGHTFUL- HEY! I TOLD YOU NOT TO RELEASE MY HANDS! MY HANDS- MY HANDS! GRAB TH-
GREAT GALAXIES! WHAT IS HE DOING? NO- NO- STOP HIM!

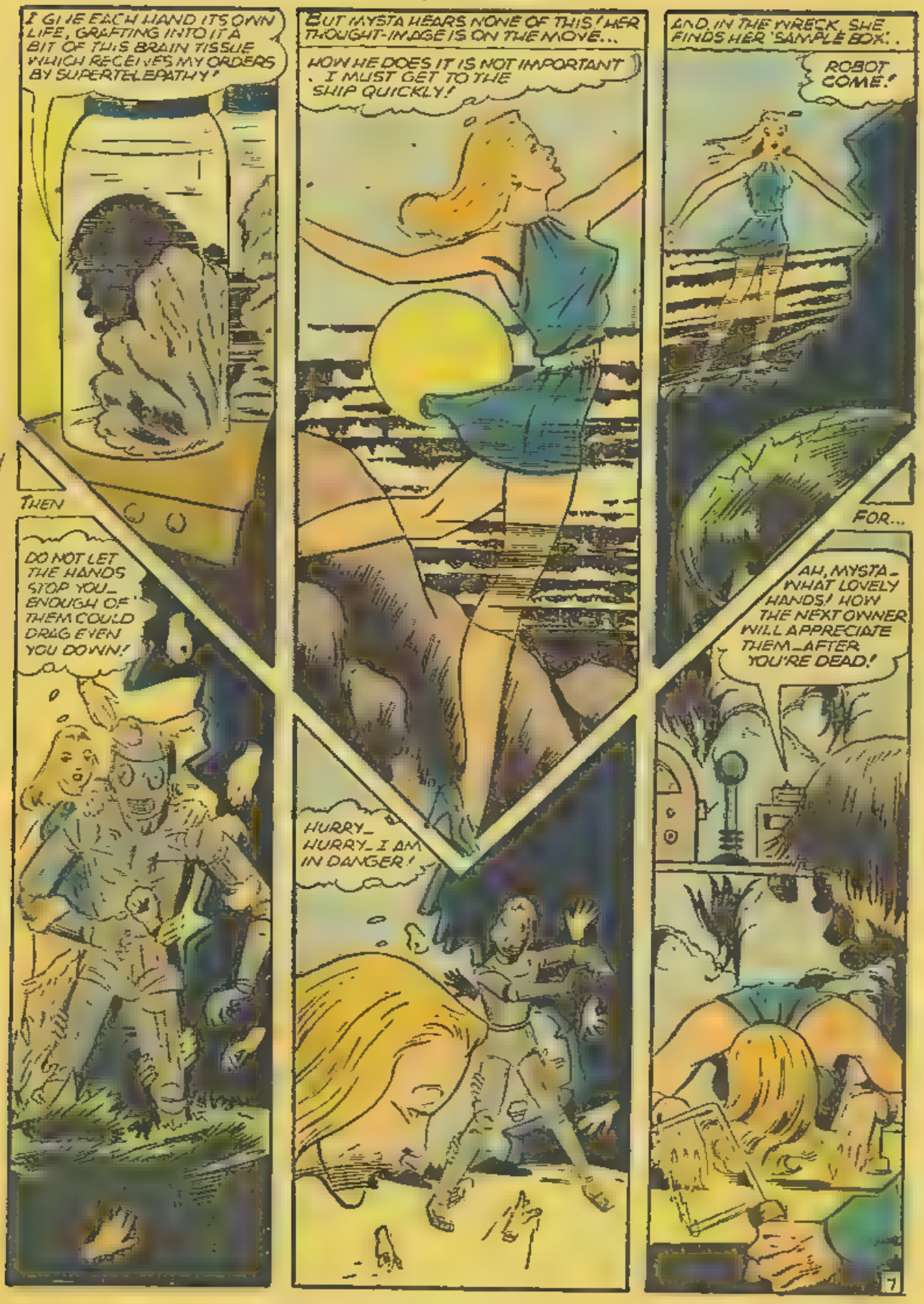
AND, IN SECONDS ....
WE COULD NOT SEIZE HIM SOON ENOUGH AND WE COULD NOT BREAK THE GRIP OF HIS HANDS!
I MUST GO THERE AT ONCE_TO SEE THE BODY! BUT _HOW COULD HE KILL HIMSELF THAT WAY? OH, AND NOW MY ALARM RINGS!
PROFESSOR BROWN, MY GOOD FRIEND! I'D KNOW THAT OLD CRATE ANYWHERE ...MUST HURRY TO LET HIM IN_
MYSTA_QUICK! HIDE FROM ME! I'M_
WH_WHAT? --MY FORCE FIELD!
SHIELDED IN TIME BY HER SECRET FIELD OF FORCE...
PROFESSOR, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THIS?
GOODBYE, CHILD AND- GOD HELP YOU!
WATCH OUT FOR MY - MY_NO! NO! DON'T!


DEAD..BY HIS OWN HAND... LIKE THE PILOT. I..DON'T...UNDERSTAND...
BUT, MILES ..ACROSS THE VOID...
MY FIRST ATTEMPT BUNGLED! SHE'S TOO FAST.. AND NOW SHE IS ON HER GUARD.. BUT SHE MUST DIE BEFORE I CAN GO MUCH FURTHER!
BACK AT THE LAB. ON HER WAY OUT...
POOR OLD BROWN...OH, WELL..WONDER WHAT'S THE LATEST NEWS...
FLASH!
NEW DIRECTOR OF EARTH COUNCIL
PROMISES SPEEDY INVESTIGATION OF RECENT STRANGE DEATHS OF OTHER COUNCIL MEMBERS.
FLASH!
NEW EARTH COUNCIL
NEW DIRECTOR ANNOUNCES NAMES OF NEW MEMBERS HE HAS APPOINTED TO COUNCIL.
LINER VA
SATURN, CA
PASSENGER
SISTS
SENCE
AH! THIS PART OF MY PLAN IS SUCCEEDING!
BUT..I NEVER HEARD OF THESE NEW MEMBERS! HOW CAN THEY-
ROBOT CALLING ME I COME!
MYSTA COME!
I MUST HURRY, ROBOT.. WHAT IS IT? OH! HOW HORRIBLE!
3


THE PROFESSOR IS DEAD, BUT HIS HANDS_WALK!
THEY SEEM TO HAVE A LIFE OF THEIR OWN!
THEY ARE RUNNING AWAY. MY BLASTER!
WHAT WILL THEIR LIFE-GRAPHS TELL? HERE IS THE PILOT'S_AND PROFESSOR BROWN'S_AND THE NEW DIRECTOR'S, WHILE I'M AT IT... NOW TO CORRELATE THEM IN THE PROJECTOR_AND SEE WHAT THEY SHOW!
NOW THEY TOO ARE DEAD. WHAT EVIL IS THIS? THESE PEOPLE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THEIR HANDS! HM. I WONDER...
SECONDS LATER
OH_HO_I SEE! THEY WERE ALL IN THAT CRASH OF THE SATURN LINER, MONTHS AGO...ON SOME ASTEROID...INTERESTING!
AND WITHIN THE HOUR
THIS CHANGES ALL MY PLANS_AND MY FACE, TOO! LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH THIS SYNTHA FLESH
4


A DAY LATER, AT AN EARTH SPACEPORT—
KINDLY BE CAREFUL WITH THAT BOX! THERE ARE EXPENSIVE COSMETIC SAMPLES IN IT!
WE'LL BE CAREFUL, MISS GREEN
AND—THE VOYAGE OUT—
DEMONSTRATING COSMETICS TO THE SATURNIANS, MISS GREEN?
YES, BUT I WON'T BE TOO BUSY!
THAT'S SWELL! MAYBE WE CAN HAVE A LITTLE FUN THERE, HM?
WHY NOT?
AH, WE'RE ENTERING THE ASTEROID BELT!
SUDDENLY
HEY—CAN'T SEEM TO DODGE THAT BIG ONE!
THAT LURCH—THIS MUST BE IT!
LET ME THROUGH TO THE PILOT!
BUT MISS IT'S NOT ALLOWED!
YOUR FORWARD JETS, MAN—YOUR FORWARD JETS! REVERSE!
I—I CAN'T! TOO LA E— IT'S SWINGING AGAINST US!
5


AMONG THE FIRST TO COME TO ...
UGH M-MY HEAD- WH-WHAT'S THIS? MY DISGUISE- JUST WHEN I'M GOING TO NEED IT!
WH-? HANDS -JUST HANDS!
C-CAN'T FIGHT THEM. TOO MANY!
HEY-EVERYBODY- SPACE MASKS! -AIR IS ESCAPING THROUGH LEAKS SPRUNG IN THE HULL!
YES, BUT- WHAT'S COMING IN IS WORSE! LOOK!
TIED HAND AND FOOT, AND CARRIED- WHERE? INTO THAT CAVE?
INSIDE THE CAVE
HA! LET ME TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT YOU, NOW THAT MY LITTLE FRIENDS HAVE REMOVED YOUR MASKS.. PLENTY OF FRESH- WHAT! CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES! MYSTA! NOW I WILL SUCCEED!
YOU WILL DIE- BUT YOUR HANDS WILL LIVE! I SHALL ATTACH THEM TO ANOTHER WOMAN- AND YOUR HANDS WILL FORCE HER TO DO MY WILL! FASCINATING, ISN'T IT? AND HOW DO I DO THIS?
MY THOUGHT IMAGE... NOW!


I GIVE EACH HAND ITS OWN LIFE, GRAFTING INTO IT A BIT OF THIS BRAIN TISSUE WHICH RECEIVES MY ORDERS BY SUPERTELEPATHY!
THEN
DO NOT LET THE HANDS STOP YOU— ENOUGH OF THEM COULD DRUG EVEN YOU DOWN!
BUT MYSTA HEARS NONE OF THIS! HER THOUGHT-IMAGE IS ON THE MOVE...
HOW HE DOES IT IS NOT IMPORTANT . I MUST GET TO THE SHIP QUICKLY!
HURRY— HURRY— I AM IN DANGER!
AND IN THE WRECK, SHE FINDS HER 'SAMPLE BOX'. .
ROBOT COME!
FOR...
AH, MYSTA— WHAT LOVELY HANDS! HOW THE NEXT OWNER WILL APPRECIATE THEM— AFTER YOU'RE DEAD!

SUDDENLY..
MYSTA'S ROBOT! I FORGOT IT! HANDS.. HELP ME! HELP.. H.. AAAAH!
THE STRANGE ONE LIES STILL, HIS NECK BROKEN BY THE ROBOT AND HIS BESTIAL HELPERS DIE, TOO!
IT IS OUR HANDS.. WE CAN DO NOTHING BUT OBEY THEM!
TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE.. WE ARE WRECKING THE GOVERNMENT!
MEANWHILE, THE EARTH COUNCIL..
LATER..
YES, SOME WILL BE WITHOUT HANDS.. BUT IT IS BETTER SO!
AND THEN..
BUT.. WHAT HAS HAPPENED? OUR HANDS.. HAVE DIED.. BUT WE ARE FREE!
YOU HAVE SAVED US ALL!

MYSTA appears in every issue of PLANET COMICS!

FLINT BAKER and REEF RYAN
SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH

WHAT A CARGO! REEF RUBBED HIS HANDS AT THE PROSPECT OF THE TRIP AHEAD. HOW WAS HE TO KNOW THERE WAS A JOKER IN ALL THIS - A LOVELY, DEADLY, VICIOUS JOKER?

LATER, AT THE HANGAR...

SURE THING, VICE-ROY...

GIRL ROBOTS! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?

WISH YOU'D DO ME A FAVOR, REEF. I'VE GOT A DATE BUT I HAVE TO TAKE THOSE SEVEN GALS TO CERES, AND...

YES, FLINT. YOU'RE TO FLY SEVEN GIRL ROBOTS TO THE KING OF CERES AS A GOOD-WILL GIFT.

SAY NO MORE, MY BOY! I'M THEIR MAN!

A FLICK OF THE CONTROL DISC, AND THE STARTLINGLY LIFELIKE ROBOTS MOVE FORWARD...

THEN

ALL LOADED, REEF, AND WITH THE DISC I GAVE YOU.

NEVER MIND, I'M OFF

OH HEAVEN, REAL GALS, ALL MINE!

LATER, A LA WOLF...

"GREETINGS, GALS AND LASSIES, REEF RYAN AT YOUR SERVICE.. AND DON'T CROWD!

C'MON, DON'T BE BASH... HEY! NOW I KNOW WHAT THAT DISC IS FOR... THESE ARE ALL DUMMIES!

BUT ARE THEY ALL DUMMIES?

HE'S GONE.. MUST WORK FAST!

DUMMIES.. AND THAT @#!☆" BLASTED FLINT BAKER PULLED THIS TRICK ON ME!

"LESSEE, SHOULD I GIVE FLINT ARSENIC.. CYANAMIDE? NAW, MEBBE TH' WATER CURE..

HOLY HANNAH! AM I DREAMING OR DID ONE OF THOSE ROBOTS TAKE A VITAMIN PILL!

BUT SUDDENLY...

SURPRISE..SPACE RANGER !

WHY YOU... YOU'RE NO DUMMY_ OHHH..!

OF ALL THE BREAKS! I PLAN A NEAT GETAWAY AND SNATCH THE WRONG SPACE RANGER. THIS LUG MUST HAVE SWITCHED PLACES WITH FLINT BAKER.

HMM_TO KILL HIM OR NOT TO KILL HIM_ THAT'S THE QUESTION. MAYBE I CAN USE HIM FOR BAIT...

HOLY GEE... THAT'S HULDANE THE PIRATE QUEEN... THOUGHT SHE WAS IN PRISON!

SOON ON AN UNKNOWN ASTEROID...

BOY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE HULDANE AGAIN!

HELLO, BOYS. THE GETAWAY WENT FINE, BUT WE GOT THE WRONG MAN. TAKE HIS UNIFORM AND THROW HIM INTO THE COSMIC CELL... I'LL EXPLAIN LATER_ I'M HEADING FOR THE LAB!

TELIVON MY EARTH CONTACT, IGOR...AH- THERE HE IS. NOW LISTEN CLOSELY...

THAT NIGHT AT EARTH'S SPACE STATION...

SO FAR SO GOOD. NOW TO LAY THE BODY IN THE CORNER WHERE THE WATCH MAN'LL FIND HER...

SOON...

FIRST THE PRISON BREAK AND NOW THE ROBOT. SHE'S UP TO SOMETHING, FLINT!

SHE MUST'VE ESCAPED IN REEF'S SHIP..

WH! A ROBOT! SOMEONE'S STOLEN HER COSTUME! I'D BETTER TELL THE VICEROY.

LATER...

MINUTES AFTER...

LOOK_IT'S SENDING OUT FRIENDLY RAY SIGNALS.

WHY THAT'S REEF'S SHIP_ HE MUST'VE ESCAPED! HEAVE TO, CAPTAIN!

WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL, CAPTAIN_ HULDANE'S LOOSE_ SHE'S CAPTURED, REEF_SAY_THERE'S A SHIP AHEAD!

YES...SHE'S A VERY DANGEROUS KILLER AND WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES. THERE'S A STRATO- LINER LEAVING NOW AND I WANT YOU TO GO ALONG.

THE SHIPS COME ALONGSIDE. RELEASE AIR TIGHT CHAMBERS.

THE TRANSFER CHAMBER IS SECURE, CAPTAIN. OPEN THE DOOR.

OPEN UP, CAPTAIN. IT'S REEF RYAN.

HE'S GOING TO GET THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!

WELL. IF IT ISN'T FLINT BAKER! PUT 'EM UP!

WHAT? YOU'RE NOT REEF RYAN!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED.. MY GUN...

NO YOU DON'T, CAPTAIN! OKAY, BOYS. LET 'EM HAVE IT!

OHHH!

KILL ALL THE MEN BUT I WANT THE WOMEN AND FLINT BAKER TAKEN ALIVE!

LATER, BACK AT HER HIDEOUT.

THROW HIM INTO THE CELL WITH HIS PAL AND HURRY UP WITH THAT UNLOADING!

WHAT LUCK GETTING FLINT BAKER AND A LOAD OF LOOT BESIDES!

WHILE IN THE LAB...

HOLD STILL, PRETTY ONE UNTIL I PUT YOUR HEADBAND ON...

NOW THE ELECTRONIC RADIOMETRIC SHOCK.

SECONDS LATER

AH..IT IS DONE. THE HUMAN IS DEAD AND THE PLANT CREATURE LIVES. THE SWITCH...

I HAVE FAILED AGAIN! SHE TOO WILL BE DEAD IN A FEW HOURS. WE MUST GET FLINT BAKER..HE ALONE KNOWS HOW TO TRANSFER HUMAN ENERGY!

SUDDENLY..

HERE ARE MORE GUINEA PIGS FOR YOU, IGOR. AND OUR EXPERIMENTS WON'T FAIL ANYMORE..I'VE CAPTURED FLINT BAKER!

EXCELLENT! ONCE WE CAN GIVE THESE PLANT WOMEN HUMAN UNDERSTANDING, WE CAN FORCE THEM TO WORK THE RADANSIUM MINES ON THIS ASTEROID AND GAIN UNTOLD WEALTH! THEY ALONE CAN STAND THE DENSITY OF THE MINES!

AS BELOW..

HURRY IT UP, FLINT..I HEAR THE GUARDS COMING!

CAN'T..MY RADIOCOSMIC WATCH JUST WON'T NEUTRALIZE THIS COMBINATION ANY FASTER!

AS... STRAP TWO MORE SPECIMENS TO THE TABLE. WE SHALL PREPARE EVERYTHING FOR FLINT BAKER. HE WILL SUPERVISE THE NEXT EXPERIMENT— PERSUADED BY OUR RAY GUNS!

STOP, STOP! NO...LET ME GO! DON'T KILL ME!

HERE ARE THE BOYS NOW— STUPID IDIOTS! WHERE'S FLINT BAKER?

RIGHT AT YOUR SERVICE, HULDANE.

THE DEVIL! HE ESCAPED!

HOW'S THIS FOR A SCIENTIFIC PUNCH, FATSO!

GIVE IT TO HIM, REEF!

BUT...

WE'VE GOT THEM CORNERED NOW— SEIZE THEM!

OH-OH— LOOKS LIKE OUR LAST STAND!

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SEC! —OH OH!

I FEEL LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP. OOPS. WHAT'S THIS? THE ROBOTS! GIVES ME AN IDEA!

SWIFTLY...

GET UP! MOVE QUICKLY!

LUCKY THING I REMEMBERED THAT CONTROL DISC THE PROF GAVE ME!

BRIGHT BOY, REEF!

NOW FIGHT! FIGHT HULDANE!

HELP. TAKE IT AWAY. IT'S NOT HUMAN...

KEEP IT UP GIRLS. YOU'RE DOING FINE!

SUDDENLY...

AIEEE!

LATER, HEADING TOWARDS EARTH...

OF ALL THE DANG. DANG INJUSTICE!

OH, YOU BIG BRAVE MAN, YOU! WITHOUT YOU WE'D ALL BE DEAD NOW!

Space Rangers IN EVERY PLANET COMICS!

You must learn to get along with me, for we will be together always. Many of your friends on this earth will know my kind in a short time. We are coming to live with you."

"But why?" he asked. "What do you want of us?"

His hands were unwrapping the small package now, starting to twist the wires into what appeared to be a small dynamo.

"Our world will no longer exist within a few hours," the Dhomian said as he worked. "It has left its orbit and is speeding toward the sun. In a short while it will crash, and my people will die. We must have a new world before it is too late . . . and we have chosen yours. Here I have finished this small machine, I will bring my fellows to the land and send the bodies of the inhabitants, as I have come into your body. We will control them by our nerve centers, and life will go on as though nothing had happened."

"You are here alone?" the man asked craftily.

The Dhomian laughed, continued to work. "Oh, I'll let you be alone . . . try to oppose me. I am alone. But you can do nothing."

The wires were being twisted and coiled into an intricate design. The small machine grew larger as it was completed and somehow seemed to have alive.

"You do not realize how fortunate you are," the Dhomian bragged as he wound the wires. "You are going to be proud that it is I you have in your body. My mind alone was more enough to keep the gap from our world to yours. There is no other in my race as brilliant as I. No others need this machine. But I . . ."

"Why should you leave me alone?" the man sobbed.

The front doorbell rang. The man stopped cringing. Fear filled his heart — tried to turn, to run for the door and safety. But the Dhomian stopped him.

The man heard the door being opened. Helen! The dad a boy in the apartment and was letting herself in. His body moved toward the sound. "Get out, Helen!" he tried to shout, but the creature within him controlled his vocal cords.

His body moved through the connecting room. Helen would go straight to the studio, he knew. The Dhomian seemed to know that, too.

Helen called his name. He tried to answer, but failed. His body was moving, and he was powerless in stopping through. "Oh, Lord," he thought, "I'm going to kill Helen."

He saw Helen standing in the center of the room, slender and lovely, her golden head held with soft brown eyes that looked at him trustingly for a moment. Then they saw the knife of marrying Helen, but he had wanted to. He had wanted to be free so he could be certain he loved her. Now he knew. He wanted her more than life itself. He

His body was moving toward her now. His hand lifted high, and fingers twitching, extended almost eagerly.

"Get out!" he screamed at her. His fists tightened and he could speak no more.

The words were warning enough. Helen turned to face her ex-lover, mounting slowly. And then terror filled, unreasoning.

She gave a small cry. Tried to dart to one side But his body was his own swift. His clumsy body was eager to be devoted.

His fingers caught her throat. Tightened slowly. He felt her soft flesh give beneath the pressure.

Tears rolled down his cheeks. He fought with mind and will and strength, every muscle straining to release, but he could not stop. He knew that Helen would give us her sweet body grew limp and she slumped forward. She was dead. And he had killed her.

A savage power stirred in his brain, a fury of emotion and anger that could not be denied. He fought the creature that held his nerves, whipped his body around and ran to the kitchen. Pain ravished in every part of his body, but he would not pay it heed. There was a pot on the stove. He filled it with water and ran back to the studio to set it on the floor. He connected the wires to his limbs. Weariness. But the urgency to live was stronger than pain. Nothing, not even the creature from the stars, could stop him.

He turned on the lamp over his head, connected the wires and threw the bulb. The Dhomian within him screamed in agony. He heard all its voices power to halt him.

The man jammed his foot into the pot of water. Pain shot up his hand toward the bulb socket. In a moment the current would run through his body, killing him, and ending the life of the Dhomian.

His finger made contact. He heard one more cry from the creature in his body, and then a strange pain, paralyzing current threw him into a well of darkness . . .

The hand was cool upon his forehead, soothing, relaxing. He opened his eyes slowly. Helen was sitting on the floor beside him. He tried to smile, but his lips were bruised his lips and held him silent.

"Are you all right, poor fool?" Helen said softly. She pointed across the room. A small box of darkness huddled there, a wisp of smoke on it.

"I came to me, tried to take control of me, as it did you. But the charge of electricity that passed through your body weakened it. I was able to fight it off. Finally it died."

The man lay back in relief. The Dhomian was dead. In a few hours the creature's alien world would be wiped out. He looked up at Helen. Smiled. He felt warm and good inside.

The BIG OF THE COMICS!

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ON SALE-25TH

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ON SALE-25TH

ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-5TH

ON SALE-10TH

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE.....

FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINES